Spanish Summer

Stewart

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"We'll take the road again, lads,
We'll take the road again,
And every road's a good road
That leads toward Spain."

IF YOU are still young enough, Quixotic enough, to love the "twilight that surrounds the border land of old romance where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance, and mighty warriors sweep along, the dusk of centuries and song," then, ten to one, you cherish the hidden hope, even as St. Paul did, of one day "taking your journey into Spain." . . . You have even been guilty—you know you have—of dreaming now and then of a "Chateau en Espagne" where you may sit in your own garden of orange trees and twang your own guitar. Then why not pack your bag—not a trunk; by no means a trunk—just a bag, with changes of linen and a few toilet articles and, say, "A Short History of Spain" thrown in, and spend a summer where you can get a good "beaker full of the warm South"?

This is not a guide book to Spain. Whole sections of that lovely country are not even mentioned. It is rather a series of impressions—sketches made from jottings in the note book of one happy traveler who still hears the song of nightingales in the Alhambra gardens, and the shrill voices of children singing in the streets the inimitable flamenco, who walks again the Sierpes where once Cervantes walked, and who sees even across American prairies—

"A straggling road in Spain
Up which a lean and foolish knight
forever rides in vain."

—*From the Introduction.*

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Spanish Summer

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Spanish Summer

By

George Craig Stewart

With Twelve Illustrations from Etchings by Jean June Myall

LIBRARY EDITION

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To

H. W. R.

Comes jucundus in via
pro vehiculo est.

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Introduction

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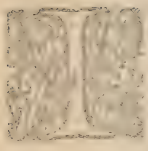

IF YOU are still young enough, Quixotic enough, to love the twilight that surrounds the border land of old romance where glitter bunburs, helm, and lance, and mighty warsaws sweep along, the dusk of centuries and song," then, ten to one, you cherish the hidden hope, even as St. Paul did, of one day "taking your journey into Spain."

You have read George Borrow's *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye* and *The Bible in Spain*, and they have sharpened your appetite for the gypsies of the Albaicin. On winter evenings by a roaring fire you have sat, comfortably enough, in your arm chair, and chuckled over the exploits of that greatest of all gentlemen in literature, *Don Quixote*

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de La Mancha; and only a few weeks ago you re-read Washington Irving's *The Conquest of Granada.* You have even been guilty—you know you have—of dreaming now and then of a *Chateau en Espagne* where you may sit in your own garden of orange trees and twang your own guitar. Then why not pack your bag—not a trunk; by no means a trunk—just a bag, with changes of linen and a few toilet articles and, say, *A Short History of Spain* thrown in, and spend a summer where you can get a good "beaker full of the warm South"?

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> **"A straggling road in Spain**
> **Up which a lean and foolish knight**
> **forever rides in vain."**

You cannot go this summer? Ah well, as Don Quixote cheerfully remarked,

Aun hay Sol en las bardas.

"There is still sunshine on the wall," and it will be just as bright next summer, or the next.

G. C. S.

Evanston, Illinois,
Feast of Sant Iago, 1928.

Spanish Summer

"Spain pleased him with its white houses and green jalousies, Figaro in every street, Rosina at every balcony."

(MAUROIS' *Disraeli.*)

CHAPTER I.

Seville

The Dance in the Chancel

SUN! Never before had I known the sun.

To be sure I had heard of it; a kind, bright, neighborly brother of Saint Francis in Umbria, an awful and beautiful veiled presence to Ossian in the north. But the sun in Spain is monstrous, Mohammedan, a very sultan of flaming imperatives.

We are on our way from Algeciras to Seville—by motor—spinning along a white, treeless road where long rosaries of donkeys wind in and out, most of them loaded with heavy panniers of sand, some of them jogging along under huge market baskets, a few of them carrying women in gay shawls, a few others bestrode by cassocked

priests with beaver hats which are shaped for all the world like the barber's basin which Don Quixote mistook for a helmet. Priests and women alike carry parasols, with a jaunty air; and well they do, for the sun is furious. If one but move a finger, it will surely burst into flame; a single flicker added to that dry burning wave of heat and we shall crackle and go up in smoke. It is 132° on the road and 112° in the shade. We are being baked alive, yet pleasantly baked; not stewing in the juices of a June day along a bayou in Louisiana, but turning black as a Berber in the oven of an African sun.

For Spain is, after all, a fragment of Africa—and not a part of Europe at all. The old Libyan legend, preserved in a fragment of Pindar, is that Iarbes, the first Spaniard, sprang directly from the sun-heated African soil. But you may be sure he didn't spring far; it's too hot to move quickly in Spain. *Hoy por ti y mañana por mi.* (Today for thee, tomorrow for me.)

Everything in the Spaniard's life and character is conditioned by His Majesty the

Sun. It is the Sun that flattens the roofs of the houses that men and women may gather there in the cool night and look up at the stars; it is the Sun that bakes those walls of adobe and tints them with his own paintings of russet and brown; it is the Sun which drives the people out of the glaring roads into the cool, dark churches with their high veiled windows; it is the Sun which slows up the day life in Spain and creates the languorous siestas, so that the nights are full of singing.

Spanish gold is not mere bullion: it is a color, a radiant symbol of the shining majesty which rules in a Spaniard's sky. That sun is reflected in the rich vestments of the sanctuary and shines in the thousand candles upon high altars; it blazes upon the national flag, and burns in Iberian veins, giving a certain hot and flaming quality to the Spaniard's temperament.

The road is fringed with palm and olive trees, with fig and eucalyptus. Over there men are cutting wheat with a sickle; a little farther along they are threshing the grain by drawing horses round and round attached

to heavy sledges; and as we come up a hill toward Medina Sidonia, we see them winnowing the wheat by tossing it up into the wind, even as their Visigothic ancestors did, and the Moslems after them.

They are very poor, these Andalusian peasants in whose veins flows the blood of the Moors. When their ancestors were conquered, the Spanish kings divided the land as rewards among the feudal barons who had helped them in their campaigns, creating thus vast holdings under few owners. These peasants are still at the mercy of landlords and local political bosses *(caciques)* who bind them hand and foot by the terms of their tenancy.

Ares, no ares
Renta me pagues.
(Plough or not, you must pay me the rent.)

And now, toward evening, we are approaching Seville. "Thanks be to God," exclaimed the great admiral, Christopher Columbus, as he approached the New Indies on October 8, 1492. "The air is very soft, as of April in Seville, and it is pleasant to be here."

He rests now—at least Spaniards claim his body does—in a great casket borne aloft, in the south transept of the Cathedral at Seville, by four noble figures representing Aragon, Castile, Leon, and Navarre. Santo Domingo claims the body too, and which is right, God knows, and it really doesn't much matter. As the Spaniards say:

No ocupa mas Pies di tierra el cuerpo del Papa que el del sacristan. (The Pope's body doesn't take up more feet of earth than the sacristan's.)

Seville is the Paris of Spain, a city beautiful, rich in gardens and well planted squares. Here are masses of purple bougainvillæa and blue plumbago with pink and yellow hoya running riot over the walls. Roses and red geraniums are flourishing in profusion, while jets of water give a delicious freshness to the air.

The Alcazar (House of Caesar), the palace of the Moorish kings, and now one of the palaces of King Alfonso, is a fascinating place, with its delicate arabesques and carved soffits and the Moorish portal builded by Don Pedro the Cruel, once

by the grace of God King of Castile and Leon.

The Calle de las Sierpas—Street of the Serpent—where Cervantes lived for a while, is a narrow, winding, awninged street limited to pedestrians only, where all the world and his wife come to shop a little in the bazaars, and to drink a little, and to talk a great deal more. The Sevillian women, with their dark coloring and smooth skins, walk with a certain noble stateliness which is enhanced by the black dress and the piled up black hair crowned by a high tortoise-shell comb, over which falls the delicate black lace mantilla. The men, in their velvet trousers and fancy waistcoats and lofty sombreros, are fine looking men, and carry a suggestion of high breeding—a something proudly taciturn which is shared by Spanish don and Spanish hidalgo alike.

But the *piece de resistance* of Seville is its Cathedral, the largest Gothic Cathedral in the world, and, next to Saint Peter's, Rome, the largest of all Cathedrals. Originally it was a mosque which stood here, a

by the grace of God King of Castile and Leon.

On Calle de las Sierpes—Street of the Serpents—where Cervantes lived for a while, a narrow, winding, stone-paved street limited to pedestrians only, where all the world and his wife seem to drop a little to see beggars, and to drink a little, and to talk a great deal more, the Sevillian women, with their dark coloring and smooth skins, walk with a certain noble stateliness which is enhanced by the black dress and the piled up black hair crowned by a high tortoise-shell comb, over which falls the delicate black lace mantilla. The men, in their velvet trousers and fancy waistcoats and lofty sombreros, are fine looking men, and carry a suggestion of high breeding—a something proudly eastern which is shared by Spanish don and Spanish hidalgo alike.

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mosque used as a Cathedral from 1172 A.D. to 1401. In that year the Sevillians set out to "build so magnificent a Cathedral that coming ages should call them mad." It is 414 feet long, 271 feet broad, and 150 feet high. It has 93 windows set in the high clerestory, most of them veiled so that the light within is gloom tempered with soft sunlight, sunshine cooled into comforting shadows.

Without is the *Giralda,* the Moorish prayer-tower built in the twelfth century, which Stanford White copied for the tower of Madison Square Garden, New York. It reaches up 350 feet with its brickwork of pale pink, and, at the top, the great bronze bells are clanging and clattering all the day long. The ascent by ramp is easy, and it is said that once a man—a Scotchman by the way—made it on horseback. From the balcony at the top a superb view of Seville is obtained.

As we enter the Cathedral, the whole place is humming with the chanting sea of voices in the great *coro* or choir, which is separated from the chancel (the *Capilla*

Major), and occupies the largest part of the nave. You may wander to the front of the *coro* and look in. They won't mind it—the canons in their places, the choir of boys and men in theirs, as they sing antiphonally the ancient offices of the Church, assaulting heaven's gates with continuous prayer and supplication.

It is within the octave of Corpus Christi, and a great opportunity is ours to see the *Seises,* the famous dancing before the altar. This ceremony occurs three times a year, and Corpus Christi is one of them. It is a unique survival of religious dancing, continued in virtue of a special bull of Eugenius IV which authorized it, in 1439, and the choristers wear the same costumes that were worn three hundred years ago.

Ten boys dressed in medieval costume will actually dance in the chancel. The story goes that several hundred years ago a rather puritanical Archbishop of Seville forbade the custom, whereupon there was such a clamour of protest from the Sevillians that he consented to its continuance, but only until the costumes were worn out.

But they never will wear out—for every year they are patched and pieced and repaired and renewed so that they possess a genuine immortality.

It is 7:15 in the evening, and we have been in our seats for an hour listening to the never ceasing chant just behind us, when suddenly the orchestra appears. Each man is in street clothes and bearing his instrument. They pass up into the chancel, with a bob to the Blessed Sacrament by the more rheumatic, while the devout go to their two knees, one after the other, which is the Sevillians' style of genuflection.

The orchestra tunes up. The great organ accompanies it. A procession begins, the clergy and acolytes moving along the alley from the great choir to the chancel. At the end comes my Lord Cardinal, the Archbishop of Seville, clad in scarlet, and with a train so long that a stalwart priest, walking behind, has it wound round his waist. Alongside of this train-bearer go two others, one bearing the red zuchetto, the other the biretta. As these pass to their stalls, ten pages in knee breeches and silk stockings and

buckled shoes and broad picture hats step out from behind the low, richly covered banks on either side.

Then begins the dance—slow, solemn, stately—a minuet. In and out, and back and forth, they thread, with now and then a gay whirl, accompanied by the clicking of castanets, while they sing their own accompaniment in a quaint old Latin hymn. The effect is reverent and charming and moving. They are in truth dancing before the Lord, as David danced before the ark. I wonder what the sour faced Puritans would think of this! Who cares? The dance is essentially religious. The stars dance in their courses, the leaves dance on the trees, the atoms dance in the walls, and these are children of God dancing their joy in the presence of Immanuel.

Up at one end of the altar, as the dance draws to a close, I see an acolyte turning a crank;—my eye travels up, and—there they are —two little curtains are jigging along to cover the symbols of Corpus Christi high up near the roof. And when they finally come together, the Octave of Corpus Christi

is at an end. The Cardinal sweeps up to the altar; his train flows in a scarlet river to the steps of the chancel. He lifts a hand in blessing. The service is concluded, and everyone goes his way, while an aisle is opened for His Eminence, who moves with uplifted hand out of the church and across to his palace.

A tram-car is coming along. It stops. Conductor, motorman, passengers, uncover while the Archbishop stops and smiles, and with the sign of the cross, bestows on them all his evening benediction.

CHAPTER II.

Granada

The Last Sigh of the Moor

IT TAKES nine hours to get from any place to anywhere in Spain —by train. We had often heard that proverb, and in the only two trips by train which we made in that country, we proved it.

It took nine hours from Cordova to Madrid (200 miles), and it took nine hours from Seville to Granada (100 miles). We speak, of course, not of the *tren expresso* but of the more casual *tren correo*. The average Spanish train moves with the dynamic speed of a drowsy September Sunday afternoon in a New England country cemetery. And it seldom moves straight to its goal. Certainly the train from Seville to Granada took us over most of southern Spain.

But there were compensations. For example, there were the Guardia Civilia, spick and span in their ornate uniforms, crowned with patent-leather hats and armed with carbines; they accompany every train and are found at every town and every cross-road and all along the remotest routes in Spain; and then there were the crowds of idlers at the stations, for the art of doing nothing and living on nothing is better understood in Southern Spain than perhaps anywhere in the world. Mañana is a popular word in every Spanish vocabulary.

And, besides, we had our water jars—made of earthenware bought for a peseta, and filled with pure, cold water. My Spanish fellow-travelers were adepts in the art of conveying water from jug to parched throat without touching the lips to the spout. A graceful tilt as of Hebe's arm—a quick and sudden and precise appraisal of arc and distance, born of long experience, and, lo, a stream of water which leaped through space from the jar to the throat without splatter or splutter or splash! I

never mastered the art, though I ruined a good many collars and nearly drowned myself and my neighbors in the attempt.

By six or seven in the evening, it was getting cooler and we were in Bobadillia, south and west of Granada. It was pleasant to be greeted in the station restaurant by an Irish waiter named Dyer, who had married a Spanish wife twenty years before and settled down to life at the railway junction: for he hadn't lost, and I know he never will lose, the twinkling blue of an Irish eye and the lovely blarneying lilt of a limber Irish tongue.

And when we came to Granada along toward midnight it was velvet dark and heavenly cool, and the nightingales were singing. Up we went, through the bosky avenues to the Alhambra Palace, vast and Moorish and modern and cool.

Never shall I forget that entrance. We had traveled all through the hot afternoon. As I stepped out on the balcony of my room and found myself between two starry worlds, I understood Irving's phrase about the man on the Alhambra tower who sat

Wayside Cross, near Granada

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Wayside Cross, near Granada.

and angled for stars. Above, the Spanish sky was lit with tropical stars; below were the twinkling lights of Granada wide awake, for Spanish towns wake up in the cool of midnight; the voices of children playing in the streets came up to us, and the sweet sounds of guitars and castanets, and somewhere in the distance were dogs barking.

Next morning we had our breakfast on the balcony below, and looked out across the *vega* to the hills which go rolling upward into the snow of the Sierra Nevadas, while ten thousand swallows dipped and soared and whirled about us, like the restless souls of the Moors who still must haunt the palace heights of Boabdil—the last of the Moorish kings.

We saw our first bull-fight in Granada, a piece of elaborate and technical and highly colored ceremonial, but to the American a dismal substitute for the excitement of a football game. On our way we joined the crowd, which packed the street in front of the hotel and cheered the gallant matadors as they came proudly strutting forth

in their spangled costumes of silver and gold to take their places in a carriage drawn by white mules, which went tinkling along the dusty street to the Plaza de Toros. The Corrida was packed; the gallery was gay with Granadan shawls which hung like banners over our heads.

Trumpets sounded a fanfare, and the procession entered, splendidly, fantastically impressive. *Matadores, capeadores, banderilleros, picadores* on horseback, and last of all the *chulos* to bear away the dead bull. All halted before the box of the president, who tossed the key into the arena.

The procession disappeared. Again the trumpets sounded, a breathless silence followed, a gate was flung open, and out came the bull!

For a moment he stood there blinded by the sunshine. A roar of applause greeted him. Suddenly he caught the sight of a scarlet cloak flung toward him by one of the *toreros,* and came thundering down the field like a locomotive. His taunting enemy leaped nimbly over the barricade, and crash came the bull behind him, splintering the

wooden palings and threatening to run amok in the crowd.

But the flicker of another scarlet cloak in the arena caught his attention, and he was after it in a flash. Then suddenly out of the corner of his eye another streak of red appeared. Wheeling, he charged to this new attack, and then to another, and to another, swinging, plunging, always just missing his mark, until finally he began to stagger confusedly and to sag badly at the knees.

Then approached the *picador,* stuffed with padding like a huge idol and mounted on a sorry Rosinante of skin and bones, equipped with blinders and led to the slaughter by two terrified assistants.

Gingerly they edged the horse and rider nearer and nearer to the tired bull. The bull was indifferent and the crowd jeered. Finally, unable to resist the insulting challenge of horse flesh thrust under his very nose, he lowered his head and lunged for the horse's belly. The picador braced himself and jabbed his lance into the bull's shoulder, striving to hold him off. The bull

took the lance, and strained forward determinedly; then, dipping his gigantic neck and suddenly lifting it with an enormous jerk, ripped into the horse, throwing it high in the air, while the picador tumbled to the ground and the Corrida rang with *Sangre! Sangre!* It was sickening to see the horse literally disembowelled and dragged away, while new tormentors prepared to take the field.

Now came the turn of the *banderilleros*. Armed with beribboned darts some three feet long, these men must place three pairs of the giant daggers in the bull's neck. Each banderillero approaches the victim in turn. Standing in front of him, at a good distance, he waves the darts to gain attention. The bull is curious. He becomes angry. His shoulder smarts with the wound of the picador's lance. The blood of the horse is glistening upon his horns. He paws the ground impatiently and sniffs the air.

The banderillero comes nearer, taunts him, invites him, challenges him, and—suddenly he comes with a rush. Nimbly he

is evaded, and in go the darts. If they tumble out, the crowd jeers; if they stay, the crowd applauds.

Again and once again this is repeated, until the bull is tormented at every stride by the rocking spears which jerk his hide back and forth in great tides of agony. He begins to look decidedly groggy.

And now the great moment has arrived, the third act of the play, the climax of this sport of kings.

The matador steps forth. A hush falls upon the vast assembly; a splendid figure he is in his silver and gold. Over a stick he carries the *muleta* or scarf to conceal his sword.

Swiftly and surely he strides to the bull, holding out the *muleta.*

The bull charges, and the matador, by swaying his body, misses those horns by a hair's breadth.

Back comes the bull; again a graceful saving bend of the body sets the Corrida wild with cheers. Here indeed are the fine points of touch and go, of graceful evasion, of rhythmical escape, which the casual ob-

server must miss, but which the Spaniards so keenly appraise and greatly appreciate.

Finally the moment arrives for the *coup de grace*. The victim is tired out, but stupid to the end. He sees but one thing, that flash of scarlet cloth. Now he is close to it, and it comes lower and lower before his very eyes. He will follow it this time. It is down to the ground now, and his head is lowered for that terrible, goring lunge and lift.

In that instant his doom is upon him. His neck is set for the executioner, who lifts his sword high and drives it down between the shoulders through the spine.

The bull sinks to its death and rolls over.

The audience storms with excited applause. The matador bows to this side of the ring and to that, and finally, standing in front of the president, receives from that exalted personage the ear of the bull, which in turn he tosses to his sweetheart high up in the balcony yonder.

There were six bulls killed that afternoon and as many horses. On every hand one hears from Spaniards themselves that bull

fighting is dying out, and we hope that it may be so.

The gypsies of the Albaicin are disappointing. Filthy beyond description, and living literally in caves cut out of the soft hillsides across from the Alhambra, they cozen gifts from those tourists whose lust for romance is proof against the perils of vermin and disease.

In the disappointing renaissance Cathedral in Granada are the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, the so-called "Catholic Kings." Here you may look with awe upon Ferdinand's sword and Isabella's crown, and see the famous chest which held the treasures wherewith she endowed the great enterprise of Columbus.

Isabella of Castile was a great woman, one of the world's greatest women, pure in life, exalted in ambition, humble, devout, intelligent, conscientious—and her consort, Ferdinand of Aragon, suffers by contrast. Her only son, Don Juan, died in early youth; her daughter, Joanna, married a German prince, Philip the Handsome, and

gave birth to two sons, one of whom became the Emperor Charles V.

The youngest daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella was that unhappy Catherine who first married the English Arthur, Prince of Wales, and after his death was wedded to his brother, Henry VIII. It is well to remember this when considering that famous divorce case which eventuated in the break between the Church of England and the Papacy. In June, 1527, Henry VIII informed his wife that they had been living in mortal sin, since she had been the wife of his deceased brother, and that they must separate. He appealed to Pope Clement VII for a decree of annulment of the marriage. That it was not granted is the better understood when it is remembered that Catherine was the aunt of the powerful Emperor Charles V, who had the Pope in prison at the time, and who would not listen to the degradation of his mother's sister. In the end, England, having to choose between Pope and King, followed the King, and the breach between England and the Papacy remains to this day.

Spain is a land of music and music lovers, and Granada is famous for its concerts. One night, out of doors, we enjoyed a program of the Madrid Symphony Orchestra presented in the great circular stone monstrosity of a palace begun by Charles V in the precincts of the Alhambra and never finished. There it stands, roofless, immense, Spanish, with a gloomy grandeur which witnesses to the power of its creator, yet only serves to point the contrasts between Spanish taste and Moorish taste, between stone piled up in massive strength and stone poised in subtle, delicate beauty; the difference between a battle axe and a scimitar, between the Excalibur of a Western monarch and the Damascene blade of an Eastern caliph, between, let us say, Charlemagne and Haroun el Raschid, between Spaniard and Saracen.

Stars were shining above us in a dome of black velvet sky. By midnight the place was crowded with the elite of Granada. The selections included Bach, and Schubert, and Handel, and Borodin Kamenostrow. One of the numbers was lovely with the singing of birds. I heard an English woman in front

of me loudly whisper to her daughter, *"Pajeros,"* which in Spanish is the word for "bird," but the little daughter corrected her mother: *"Paheros,* mother, not *Pajeros";* a distinction which set me tittering with the remembrance of that east side boy from New York who, on a visit to the country, suddenly cried, "Oh, see the boid!"

"That's not a boid," corrected his friend, "it's a bird."

"Well," said Chimmy, "it looks like a boid anyway!"

And now let us saunter a little higher along the path, through the trees planted by the Duke of Wellington, and haunted by nightingales. The air is full of sweet odors, the ear is charmed with the purling of many waters which come gaily plashing down the alley-ways of shade. We are entering one of the wonders of the world. And who but Washington Irving himself could do it justice?

I had mistakenly supposed that the Alhambra was a ruin, haunted by bats and owls, and filled with weeds. I found that it

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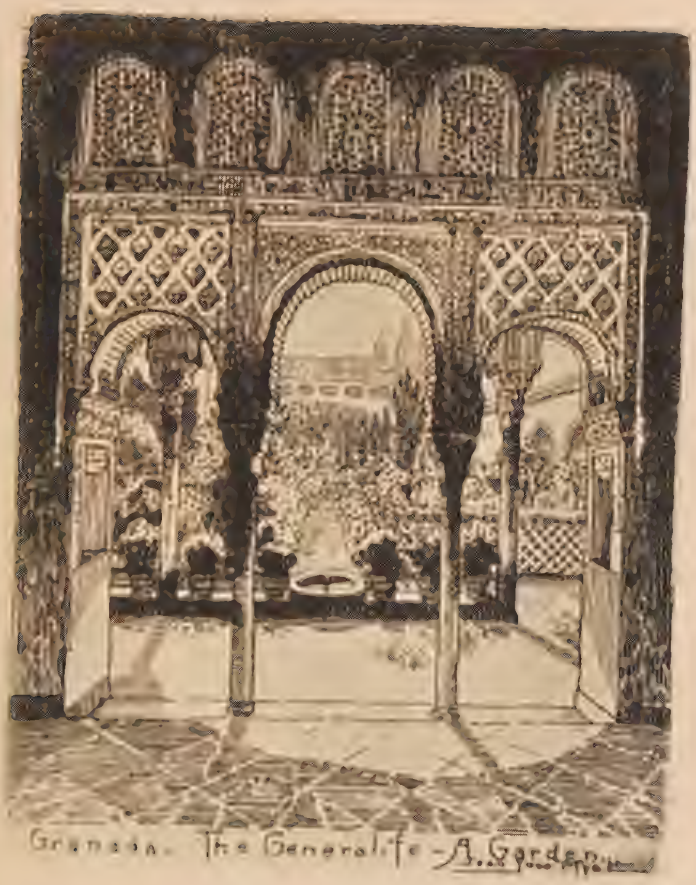
"That's not a boid," corrected his friend, "it's a bird."

"Well," said Chimmy, "it looks like a boid anyway!"

And now let us saunter a little higher along the path, through the trees planted by the Duke of Wellington, and haunted by nightingales. The air is full of sweet odors, the ear is charmed with the purling of many waters which come gaily plashing down the alley-ways of shade. We are entering one of the wonders of the world. And who but Washington Irving himself could do it justice?

I had mistakenly supposed that the Alhambra was a ruin, haunted by bats and owls, and filled with weeds. I found that it



Granada. The Generalife - A. Gordon

was a city of dreams rising from the shadows; a city of silence broken only by the sound of running waters; a city of such delicate loveliness that one trembles lest a magic wand wave it away into nothingness. How can I describe its paradisal gardens, its green patios, its marble courts, where, above the blue pools, rise the delicate golds of arabesque mosaics, and the eye goes climbing over fairy balconies up to a summer sky?

Here are cool, quiet, cloistral arcades, and jutting latticed mysteries, and stately domed halls, and never-ending surprises of lovely vistas into other and still lovelier vistas. In every room there is nothing but our dreams of what was once and is no more. No space on the wall, or roof, or floor, or pavement, but man has skilfully separated it from brother earth, and given it delicate meanings which modern man cannot recover; for all that is written here tells of men who have sung songs, and dancing girls who have danced to kings, and of laughter and weeping and words of wisdom and arms of love, and of eager, fresh voices with a sob in them, which have tinc-

tured the whole place with magic and tragic beauty. The fretted stucco on walls and domes passes belief, it is so minute, so intricate, so delicate, so exquisite; and the colors are fresh as if done yesterday. Those borders of blue and gold with Arabic sentences—"Obedience and Honor to God!" "There is no conqueror but God!" "There is no God but God!"—Surely they were done by Bezaleel himself.

You must take your Irving, as we did, reading it in hall after hall of the Alhambra, and lingering for days within the—

> "Twice five miles of fertile ground
> With walls and towers girded round,
> And gardens bright with sinuous rills
> Where blossom many an incense-bearing tree,
> And forests ancient as the hills
> Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."

In 711 A.D., the Moors came over from Africa, and the dreaded crescent and fanatical battle cry of Mohammed went from end to end of Spain. Nearly every trace of the Visigoth was wiped out by this invasion.

For eight centuries Spain was in the grip of the Moors, as long a period as from the

Norman Conquest until your own father's day.

The zenith of their power was reached in the tenth and eleventh centuries. By 1248 they had been driven back and back and even out of Seville. But Granada still held out. Its capture is one of the most thrilling tales in history, and Irving, in his *Conquest of Granada,* gives us a lively account of the series of galloping events which culminated in the fall of the Alhambra. The end was inevitable. The Spaniards hemmed the Moors in and besieged the city for months. Ferdinand and Isabella moved their court to the plain to the north and built the city of Santa Fe over against the Alhambra. The hour drew near, the hour in Allah's great and terrible clock. Boabdil the Unfortunate finally surrendered. "Amid doleful lamentation the royal treasures were packed on mules, the beautiful apartments were despoiled with tears and wailings by their own inhabitants, and out of a postern gate of the Alhambra moved a mournful cavalcade."

In rushed the Spaniards. "Red gleamed

the cross, and waned the crescent pale"; over the highest tower of the palace floated the pennon of Santiago. A great *Te Deum* was sung by the Catholic conquerors.

Meanwhile Boabdil was permitted to depart to a little village assigned him. Winding about the hills over yonder, the Moors stopped to take a long look of farewell at their beloved city. Never had it appeared lovelier. With agony of tenderness they gazed. The heart of Boabdil, the last of the Moors, was bursting. *"Allah achbar*—God is great!" he sobbed, and burst into tears. Then that intrepid old Sultana, his mother, uttered her famous words, "You do well to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend as a man!"

Today that pass in the hills is known as *El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro*—The Last Sigh of the Moor.

Now among those present at the fall of Granada was Christopher Columbus. That was on January 2, 1492. Within the Hall of Ambassadors in the Alhambra you may see where Isabella stood when she delivered to him her treasures to dower his great enter-

prise. The Fall of Granada was the rise of the fortunes of Columbus. The last sigh of the Moor filled the sails of the Santa Maria. "*Allah Achbar*—God is Great!" He puts down and lifts up. As the waves of irrevocable doom swept over the Moorish civilization in Spain, there rose out of the western sea a new world which gave to Spain her new lease of life.

That new world of ours is still very new. Into its texture are woven golden strands of glorious pasts, and one of its richest strands is that of the Arabian culture which has touched and enriched every department of Western life. The sigh of the Moor was the sigh of a great and ancient culture in travail, bringing forth in its agony the lusty child of a new and vigorous world.

CHAPTER III.

Toledo

The Secret of El Greco

TOLAYDO—not Toleedo. The difference in pronunciation is not an affectation but an identification. "Toleedo" is a prosperous city in Ohio. "Tolaydo" is the most ancient and most renowned of the cities of Castile in Spain. One reaches it easily by motor from Madrid.

In previous chapters we have been in southern Spain—in Andalusia. But now we have moved swiftly north to the center of the country. And if it be remarked that we have omitted Cordova, it is not because we failed to visit it, to enjoy that magnificent mosque, the Mezquita, with its incomparable Court of Oranges; or failed to share with all lovers of beauty a bitter resentment

at the ugly baroque Cathedral ruthlessly jammed down into the heart of that great mosque. A day or two suffices for all of these experiences.

Cordova was once crowded with thousands of students—it was one of the great intellectual cities of the world; today it is forlorn and desolate, a bleak, uninteresting town

"Al Andaluz
Hazla la cruz
Si es Sevillano,
Hazla con la mano;
Si es Cordobes
Con las manos y los pies."

"You meet an Andalusian—
Make the sign of the cross;
If he be from Seville
Make it with your hand;
If he be from Cordova,
Make it with hand and foot!"

To Toledo we go by automobile from Madrid—five of us—and one of that company I shall never forget: a young American, twenty years old, just out of college, dressed very carelessly and wearing a heavy three days' growth of golden beard, of which he was very conscious and for which

he was very apologetic. It seems the barber shops were not open in Madrid. But why didn't he shave himself? Why didn't he carry a shaving kit in his bag? Then out came the interesting adventurous fact—he had no bag; he was traveling with light equipment, consisting of four things: a Baedeker, a pencil, a note book, and—a tooth brush.

The road to Toledo is interesting, but the first view of the famous city is a bitter disappointment. We had looked for golden beauty set upon a height, but we found instead a desolate, wind-swept huddle of dusty buildings, poised on a scarred and scrawny hill round which the river Tagus bent and crawled like a snake trying to make its slow escape.

Everywhere about Toledo is barrenness and silence. She stands there "like a blind and mutilated statue, an emaciated Sphinx about to be consumed by the desert and the sun." The hills round about are tawny and barren; the wind carries the dust in clouds into the city; her churches are fragments; her glory is departed. She is like the corpse

of Solomon perched upon the wall, clutching with bony fingers the robes that once were resplendent and now are but fluttering rags, and looking out upon a country that still is haunted with the past and bends its neck to a militaristic and ecclesiastic despotism. The head of that despotism is, in fact, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, the most powerful ecclesiastical, and therefore also the most powerful political, figure in Spain.

For it must always be remembered that the King of Spain is *His Catholic Majesty,* and that Church and State are one. For four years no Cortez or Parliament has been convened. Since 1923 Primo de Rivera has been absolute dictator. A strict censorship of the press is observed. Nothing unfavorable to the present regime may be published. This situation would be impossible without the coöperation of the Church. The debacle occurred on September 13, 1923. In that same month the Primate of Spain, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, issued a pastoral letter calling upon the masses of the people to support the government.

It is not my mission to criticize the present government of Spain. In the main, conditions are better, they tell me, than they were before. The mass of the people, however, is uneducated and without capacity for leadership, and goes about its daily task with an oriental fatalism, leaving *Mañana* to take care of itself. The Spaniard is deeply religious and the Church is in close contact with him at every point of his daily life. The Church therefore cannot be absolved from the responsibility of leadership in seeking to bring about, slowly but surely, that education of the people and freedom of the people which alone can give to any nation stability and power.

The streets of Toledo are narrow and crooked and fascinating. The Moorish influence abides. Toledo was in the hands of the Moors from 711 to 1085. In that year Alfonso VI regained the city, but the citizens remained almost as Moorish as before, and continued to build in the Moorish style for themselves, for the Jews, and for the conquerors.

We marvelled over the loveliness of the

two Jewish synagogues—one of the twelfth century, the other of the fourteenth, both of them built in the Moorish style. The Cathedral is Gothic—built in the thirteenth century by one Petrus Petri—but it is clearly French Gothic. It interested us very little. In the Cathedral treasury where we were shown priceless vessels of gold and silver, chalices of rarest workmanship, patens, thuribles, orbs of beaten gold, crosses of sparkling jewels, and ostentatious ostensoriums, we went almost sick at the thought of the whining beggars at the doors and the people living in the mud dugouts of the hills; we found ourselves recalling the words of that brusque old Puritan, Oliver Cromwell, "Melt these things up into money and send them out like their Master —doing good!" And yet we realized that even the poorest beggars in Spain take a touching pride in the richness of the treasures of this great Cathedral church of theirs in Toledo.

It is late afternoon and the *coro* is humming with the chant of vespers; but listen—

there is another and different chant. We follow the sound. We are in the little chapel of the Mozarabic rite. Two little boys in cassocks and cottas are popping in and out, now lighting candles, now lounging at the door, now slumping into chairs. Facing the altar are the vested canons of the chapel. One of them is the cantor; the others join in thunderous voices, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing, and all knowing their parts perfectly. As Milan is famous for its Ambrosian rite, so is Toledo famous for its Mozarabic rite. An historical parenthesis may be permitted here.

In the early days of Spain, a Spanish liturgical rite developed. It is thought that the Visigoths brought it with them: a combination of Byzantine and Roman uses. At any rate, when the Moors conquered Spain, this ancient rite continued; for the Moors were very tolerant and permitted mass to be said and sung, for example, in seven churches in Toledo alone.

Outside of the Moorish domains the Church freely developed her own liturgy, while in the Moorish provinces the Visi-

gothic rite remained static. When the Moors were driven out, this ancient use, however, was so well established that the Roman rite did not easily displace it. All sorts of medieval tests were employed to prove the superiority of the Roman use. They tried the knightly test, each group selecting a champion who defended his cause in tourney. The ancient rite won. They tried the test by fire, but the Mozarabic books wouldn't burn (I suppose because the vellum was too solid), and yet by the time of Ferdinand and Isabella the older rite had all but disappeared. It was then that the great and learned Cardinal Ximines founded this chapel in the Cathedral, Toledo, endowing it to provide for thirteen chaplains and a sacristan, and with provision for a sung mass and the Divine Office daily. By the concordat of 1851 the number of chaplains was reduced to eight, and these canons are still daily singing the ancient Visigothic or Mozarabic service.

Time fails us to visit the hospital of Santa Cruz, now in ruins, or the workshops where

the famous Toledo blades are still made and delicate Damascene work is done in silver and gold by workmen who, from father to son, generation after generation, carry out the traditions for that exquisite workmanship which the Moors brought with them from the East; or the *posada* of Cervantes where horses and asses are stabled just as they were in his day, while in a balcony above you may see the room where he lodged on his visits to Toledo. But you will surely not forget that when Don Quixote was dubbed Knight by the buxom young wenches at the inn, he begged one of them to gird on his sword, which she did, bursting with laughter, and when he asked her name, replied with humility that she was called Tolosa, and that she was a cobbler's daughter of Toledo who lived in the little stalls of Sancho Benegas.

But one place that we must visit is the house, the home of El Greco. He is today, if not the rage in Spain, at least the rival of Velasquez. In the Prado at Madrid we had stood in awe before his work, but in Toledo we saw his masterpiece—The Burial of

Conde Orgaz. In his house one may see examples of his work in abundance and in all stages of development. They will tell you in Toledo that he was the "Mad Painter." I do not wonder. Lean, distorted bodies, frenzied, gesticulating arms, faces vague and wistful, pale and eager, peering into the dark—what is the extraordinary restlessness within the man, this frenzied torture of the soul which comes at one out of the canvas?

Well, first of all, the man himself is a mystery. His name was Domenico Theotocopuli—The Little Child of God; but he is called simply The Greek. Vaguely we know he was, while in Italy, a student of Titian and Tintoretto. In 1577 he came to Spain and settled in Toledo, living in an apartment close to the present house called after him, the apartment of a palace where, in the dark cellars, long years before, it was whispered Henrique de Villena had studied black art and sold his soul to the devil. Some say it was the mystery still hanging about the place which turned the painter's thoughts to another world. "His pictures

might have been painted by torchlight in a cell of the Inquisition."

The man may be mad—he is quite evidently lashed by visions—but he can paint! He has the keenness of a Toledo blade; of a blade which wears out the scabbard which tries to hold it. The faces he paints are nervous faces, faces of sensitive distinction, and have in them a brooding Spanish quality, an ascetic note of haughty self repression. The figures he paints may be spectral, but they catch and hold and express something of deep if bitter and terrible human experience. If you would study his design and color, his use of violet on chalk-white faces, his predilection for green, his mastery of the technique of design, go to your Ricketts or Arthur Symons or some other. It is for me to give only my impression of his work and of his secret, which is this:

El Greco drew figures out of scale to say that human life is scaleless. El Greco distorted bodies and tortured them because bodies are thus tortured by the spirit. His hands taper into flame as if to say, I want to feel, not being hampered by my hands. His

eyes look out as from a prison window. He is the painter who feels and expresses the imprisonment of the spirit: the agony of its confinement tears at him, and with his supreme genius, he is able to convey to us somehow both the dignity of our bitter exile here and the restless beating at the bars of our prison until at length we shall be free.

Various critics offer sundry keys to the secret of El Greco. To one, his conception of form appeals; to another, his color; his mysticism to a third. "My own hypothesis," says Cortissez, "is that his secret lies in his originality; his rich response to the craving in every lover of art for the absolutely unprecedented, new-minted, artistic experience." And perhaps that is it; but to me he is *par excellence* the mystic in Spanish art, the William Blake of painters, the Don Quixote of the brush, a little mad, perhaps, but after all, like the great La Manchan, a very fine and gallant gentleman.

The first church we entered in Toledo was the Church of St. John of the Catholic

Kings, where high up on either side, like boxes at an opera, tiny galleries were built for Ferdinand and Isabella. This church occupies the finest site in the city, and is an abomination of meaningless architecture. It was built to commemorate a victory, and is itself a sad memorial of complete artistic defeat. With a silly gesture it expresses lust for glory, and that glory is now turned to ashes. It is a symbol of that Toledo across which is written *Ichabod*—for the glory of Toledo is departed.

One wonders whether it will ever return.

CHAPTER IV.

The Escorial

The Piety of Philip II

AVERY distinguished friend of mine, who is widely traveled and for whose judgment I have a high regard, wrote me just before I set out for Spain, giving me valuable hints on what to see and what not to see. "Don't waste your time on the Escorial," he said. "Eschew Philip and all his works!"

His advice was not lightly disregarded. And yet, since we had our own car and Escorial lay on the way to Segovia, he would, I knew, forgive me if I had just a peek at the forbidden ground.

On the Fourth of July we set out from Madrid and drove the thirty miles or so into the rugged granite hills to the north to

visit the Escorial. I am glad we did. It was an experience never to be forgotten. In my notebook I find this sharp impression recorded:

> Here is granite which will take long to crumble, and the strong beauty of simple, massive lines. Here is recorded in awful and gloomy splendor the dignity of the death of Kings!

The Escorial is a series of massive granite buildings set in the hills to the north and east of Madrid, at once a monastery, a palace, and a vast imperial tomb of the Kings of Spain. It was conceived in the fanatical brain of Philip II, who spent two years finding the site, and who laid the first stone in 1563. It took twenty-seven years to build, and was enjoyed by him in a gloomy fashion for twelve years after it was completed. As a mausoleum it is the fulfilment of Philip's promise to his father, Charles V, that he would build him a tomb. As a monastery it is the fulfilment of a vow at the Battle of St. Quentin when the Spanish soldiers destroyed the Church of St. Lawrence, wounding Philip's conscience so grievously that he promised in reparation to build a

great monastery and dedicate it to that saint. The plan of the building is a gridiron, in token of St. Lawrence's martyrdom, with the palace as the handle.

The whole pile is inexpressibly solid, majestic, sombre, impressive, and most people dislike it. But then most people cannot bear the thought of death. Gautier called it an architectural nightmare. The blood, he says, went cold in his veins as he tramped through its vast corridors. I understand. But being a Celt, it did not strike me so. I saw it for what it is—a symbol, a fitting, dignified symbol of stern, irrevocable, ineluctable, pontifical Death. I felt in it the repercussion of a gloomy son's anguish in the death of a great and gloomy father. I felt again that haughty humility of the Spaniard which I had read in the pavement of the Cathedral at Toledo where the grave of a great archbishop bears these words:

"Hic jacit pulvis, cinis, nihil."
("Here lies dust, ashes, nothing.")

Some people are jaunty and silly in the veiled presence of Death. A little French-

man was overheard in the tomb of the Escorial to say *"C'est joli, ça."* But Spaniards, never; just as Scotchmen, never. In fact they get a solid if solemn satisfaction in visiting a tomb.

There it stands, then, the Escorial, built with the terrifying precision of Eternity, housing a chapel so simple in its design, so beautiful in its proportions, so impressive in its grandeur, so structurally perfect in its dome, that I have scarcely ever seen its equal. The priceless tapestries which line the corridors are apparently untouched by Time; the well-appointed library is packed with rare books and manuscripts, including many original letters of Santa Teresa; the rooms of the palace, ten miles of them, are filled with furniture of the sixteenth century and with the paintings of many Spanish masters.

Silence reigns, save now and then one hears the distant chanting of monks in the choir as the daily offices are sung. Loneliness reigns, too, save here and there one catches the flutter of a robe as a sandaled foot moves round a corner.

We descend the marble staircase to the vault below the high altar. Here in gloomy grandeur, in niche upon niche, each with its royal sarcophagus, lie the bodies of the Spanish Kings. Here Alfonso comes on state occasions to pay his reverence to the ancestral dead; nor can he fail to note the place prepared for his own royal body centuries before he was born. It is a palace of death done in the Spanish style, with gravity and dignity, with a proud and solemn pomp. There is but one more vacant place in the tomb. Alfonso XIII will fill it. Perhaps this is a symbol, a portent, a prophecy: perhaps the superstitious peasant is right, and Alfonso will be the last of the Spanish Kings; already that word which stole out into the streets of Paris in 1793 is rustling like a wind up and down the Iberian peninsula, and tomorrow there will be a Republic.

This Philip II of Spain demands consideration. Look if you please at one of his many portraits in the Prado. Heavy lidded of eyes, and petulant of mouth, and haughty in the carriage of his head, he has a cold,

measuring, distrustful face, as of one always on guard, and over all the figure there is a chilling air of tragedy. I know how he is despised. Motley's *Dutch Republic* has distorted the truth into the popular impression, and made him a cruel, dull, contemptible bigot. I do not forget Chesterton's fine lines:

"King Philip's in the closet with the fleece about his neck.
(Don John of Austria is armed and on the deck.)
The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin,
And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in.
He holds a crystal phial that has colors like the moon,
He touches and it tingles and he trembles very soon;
And his face is as a fungus that is leprous white and gray
Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the day."

But after all, that is hardly a fair measure of the man. He was mediocre intellectually. He was cautious, reserved, dilatory, stubborn, suspicious, melancholy. But on the other hand he was cultivated and patient and persevering and industrious and conscientious to a degree. He bore disappointment and bitter sorrow and broken ambitions and physical pain "with the calm courage of a Roman Stoic." It is hard for us

Philip the Second after Titian

to understand how religion could motivate the Inquisition or the Duke of Alva's Campaign in the Netherlands. Nevertheless, the heart of Philip's every political act was what he esteemed faithfulness to his God. "He looked upon himself as the Captain General of God's forces on earth. His childlike loyalty to this sense of theocratic duty ennobles his plain and repellant figure with a tragic pathos." When he married Mary Tudor he did so for one reason—to win England back to the Roman allegiance. When the Netherlands were rising, and his purse was empty, and France and England were aiding the rebels, he cried out, "Though I should lose the Netherlands, I will not yield one jot or tittle in matters of the Holy Catholic Faith!" When the Armada was destroyed, he was at his desk in the Escorial. Not a muscle moved. "Thank God!" was his only remark, "I have money to fit out another fleet." When the victory of Lepanto was announced, he was at his prayers and would not be disturbed by the message.

We enter his chamber and there his bed

is placed that he may see the High Altar only a few feet away. On this side of his little room a window looks out to the hills of Spain; on the other side, a window opens upon the tabernacle. And even closer to his bed stands a little altar where mass can daily be said.

Philip was pious in his way, extravagantly so, but his piety is not true Spanish piety, nor true Catholic piety, nor true Christian piety. It is not the Spanish piety of John of the Cross or Santa Teresa, for their hearts were radiantly aflame with the joy of the love of God. It is not true Catholic piety for the Catholic keeps life in balance, and finds at the altar the communion with God which sends him singing out into gardens and fields to greet his big brother the sun and his little sister the moon, and that other clean little sister, water, and those merry little brothers, the birds. It is not Christian piety, for though I have faith to move mountains and give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

We leave the Escorial with a sigh of real

relief. Death has its dignity, but the solemn, awful dignity of death is not the whole story. Death is a solemn fact, that is true, but after all it is only a shadow which defines light, a mystery which underscores and italicizes life, a gateway to another world, and not a cul-de-sac.

Charles V left his throne and went into a monastery to brood on death. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* Philip built himself a tomb and moved into it as a *memento mori.* But their Master held a different view. He spoke of having such life that one need never even see death. There as we sit and muse in the cold Escorial, I hear the voice of a great man of our own day, one who claimed the happy right to be, as he said, a "Hibernian in an Einstein world." "Supremely happy am I," said J. St. Loe Strachey, "in my remembrances, but even more happy as I draw to the end of the continuum. Haven't I a right to be? I have always been an explorer at heart, and I am getting nearer the greatest exploration of all. Only two or three more bends of the stream, and out I go into the new reaches of

life. I open my arms with a lover's joy to the future that is rushing to meet me. The man who cannot enjoy that which is in front of him has never really enjoyed the past; and heaven be praised that sons have morning when fathers have night."

CHAPTER V.

Segovia

City of Golden Light

IN his *Familiar Preface,* Joseph Conrad remarks that "the power of word has always been greater than the power of sense." "If you want to persuade," says he, "put your trust in the right *word.* Men are more deeply moved by impression than by reflection." And then he goes on to give for examples such words as *Glory* or *Pity.* "Give me the right word and the right accent and I will move the world!" There are words that

> "Cut with a madman's axe: words brittle with ice,
> Words pointed, barbed with sleet and torn by branch,
> Words that cascade, ricochet, and split."

And there are words that sing like birds.

Henry Van Dyke catches the song of the Maryland Yellow Throat with

"Witchery—witchery—witchery,"

and reproduces the song of his favorite Song Sparrow with

"Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

Now there is witchery of sound in the mere names of Spanish cities—Sevilla, Granada, Cordova, Avila, Salamanca, Altamira, Barcelona, Valencia, Segovia—the sound of them is like tumbling waters, or like the rustling of soft winds in the trees.

This reminds me that a Spaniard coming to this country and listening to the names of American cities, which include such sonorous arrangements of syllables as Peoria, Emporia, Kenosha, Savannah, Sewanee, Kewanee, Atlanta, Orlando—expressed himself as particularly delighted with what he called the loveliest word in this American language—that beautiful Cinderella of a word, "Cellar-door." And it is a singularly lovely word if one stops to think of it.

Segovia is a beautiful name, and Segovia

is a beautiful city of golden light lifted high up on a leafy hill in the midst of encircling mountains. It is a piece of the middle ages caught in the golden amber of perpetual sunshine, a city out of a fairy tale, where the ruinous old churches never quite fall to pieces, and the old people never seem to grow older, and the roar of the modern world is happily unheard.

Here are gay little gardens hidden in nooks behind walls that rise sheer from the vega, streets that meander in and out with a pleasant air of going where they please. Once they were filled with bustling activity, but that was long, long ago, in the days of Alfonso the Wise. Now they are a picturesque blend of dirt and flowers, with here and there a glimpse into green patios and sudden vistas of the hills beyond. Donkeys pick their way soberly between the houses, peasants in velvet jackets and pantaloons mingle with modishly dressed business men, madonnas and niños stand in the lovely doorways, and all are bathed in a light which turns the rocks to gold, the houses to gold, the churches to gold of

Ophir burnished for some thousands of years by cool winds blowing down from the hills where the snow lingers even in July.

The great glory of Segovia is its famous Roman aqueduct, which comes striding from the Sierras and over the valley, a veritable giant sent by Trajan to bind Segovia forever to the grandeur that was Rome two thousand years ago.

We never wearied of studying it; of getting above it and looking down, of getting beneath its mighty stone piers and looking up, of seeing it from near and from afar. No trifling here, no prancing, but a solid, business-like movement, full of sureness and of grace. The granite blocks are perfectly fitted and without mortar. It is twelve miles long, has one hundred and nineteen arcades, and is built in two stories. With the exception of the Pont du Gard in France, it is the finest extant example of the Roman viaduct, and a tribute to the engineering skill of those amazing conquerors of the world.

My mind travels back along the years. Isabella knew and loved this aqueduct in the days before she rode out of Segovia to

be crowned queen of Castile. It was here when the Moors besieged the city in 1071. It was here when the Templars built that little Church of Santa Cruz yonder across the river. Torquemada, prior of that monastery beyond the walls, looked upon it daily, and it was here through all those turbulent centuries when men lived in terror of the powers of darkness.

In those days it was called the *Puente del Diablo,* The Devil's Bridge, and the tale of that unholy christening still lingers. It seems that the devil—not for the first time—became enamored of a certain maiden of Segovia, whose daily task it was to fetch fresh water from the valley. She wearied of this, and the devil, in hope of favors, indeed in exchange for the promise of her hand, offered to give her whatever she wished. So she bade him build a bridge in one night that she might find water in the city by daybreak.

Next morning there it was, bringing fresh, clear water from the *Sierra de Fuenfria.* And she, poor girl, saw no escape from the fulfilment of her vow.

But at last a lad of that city, who had been making sheep's eyes at her, found some few stones lacking—they are still lacking—at the far end. So the Church decided in her favor, and she married the young man instead of the devil, and lived happily ever after.

It was here that I picked up a real Segovian story which I give you for its worth as a typical Spanish tale.

"It was one night of winter not so long ago, as my mother, from whom I heard the tale, has often told me, when Jesucristo on his way from Segovia to Avila with S. Pedro found himself at nightfall on the northern slopes of the Sierra de Guadarrama far from any city. It was a bad night to be out, Señor, for the snow lay deep already, and more was coming, and the wind was already howling among the stones; so that, as your worship may imagine, S. Pedro was glad indeed when he spied not so far away a little light, which he knew to be that of a candle in the hut of a certain charcoal-burner, of whom he knew nothing but good. And since they had come far, he turned to Jesucristo, and, 'Señor,' said he, 'let us rest here in this poor man's hut, as we used to do in those days that we are not likely to forget.' And the Lord Christ gave him leave to ask this charity.

"So S. Pedro knocked at the door of the charcoal-burner's hut, and they waited there in the snow till it should be opened for them to enter. Now this charcoal-burner, whose name was Miguel, was a true Spaniard, and moreover he led a lonely life, so that he opened his door to travelers not unwillingly, and on such a night even one less free with his hospitality would not have refused shelter to a dog.

"He was much taken, it might seem, with his two guests, for he built up the fire till the hut was full of light and warmth as a king's palace, and he did not grudge even the logs of cork-wood, so much he liked his guests; and as your worship knows, there is nothing like the root of the cork-tree for a cheerful blaze. Well, as for the food, he had not much, for those people live on very little, but he gave them a little goat's milk that by good luck he had that one day, and some garbanzos, and made also as good a puchero as he was able with the broken food he had left.

"So they two sat down to eat, while Miguel set about getting the *paja* against bedtime. Outside, the wind still bellowed through the woods, battered at the door of the hut, and tried to lift off the roof, and the snow fell too, and drifted in the wind.

"Presently above all this noise he seemed to hear again a faint knocking at the door, and when he opened, behold two more wayfarers, whom he admitted with a certain fear, which your worship will understand was not for meanness, but lest he should be unable to find food for these also. But S. Pedro, who is ever eager to aid those of good disposition, said to him, 'Be careful for nothing, Miguel, they are our friends.' But it is hardly surprising that the charcoal-burner was a little embarrassed, and put the pot on the fire again with a consciousness that it was but half filled.

"Scarcely had he done this when he heard again a knocking without, and, as he thought, a soft voice singing an *Ave*. S. Pedro heard it too, and went to the door before him, for he had recognized the voice of S. Juan, his friend, one whom Jesucristo loved well, as it is written in the Gospel, which doubtless your worship, who must be a *Christiano viejo* as I have said, knows better than I do.

"Well, Señor, you may imagine the embarrassment of the poor charcoal-burner, for there was not enough to feed a rat in the place, much less hungry travelers who, he began to suspect, were used to better fare than he could put before

them. But S. Pedro let them in, for, said he, they are friends of ours, and the charcoal-burner busied himself to entertain them as best he could.

"And all night they continued to come till there were twelve of them with the Lord Christ in that poor man's dwelling.

"All night Miguel could not sleep for thinking on his guests, for he knew who they were indeed, since he had seen his *puchero,* that was scarce enough for two, feed all of them, and had found his milk, that was already sour, sweeter than the milk of the cows in the valleys of the Ebro. So much honor robbed him of sleep.

"Well, Señor, in the morning they rose up, and the sun shone, and they went forth. Only S. Pedro stayed for a little to acknowledge the hospitality of the charcoal-burner, and having thanked him, bade him ask what he would for payment and it should be his. But, Señor, what would you, he was an old Christian, and *nonventero,* he wanted no payment. Moreover Miguel wanted for nothing, since he had all that was necessary and was contented. Nevertheless, lest S. Pedro should think him proud—and pride is a deadly sin—he thanked him, and begged that since a game of cards with such of his acquaintance as happened to come to see him was his amusement and pleasure, he would permit him always to win whatever the particular game might be.

"Wooh! Your worship may imagine how grave S. Pedro looked, for I may tell you much suspicion attaches to card games in heaven where, since S. Ignacio went there, they have been suppressed, cast forth, and entirely disgraced. But S. Pedro knew the world and the heart, and the heart of Miguel pleased him well, and, moreover, he had promised, and again, as he stood there tapping with his foot on the floor, thinking, thinking, he bethought him how discouraged those who lost would be, and so he consented.

"Well, Señor, he is blessed who expects nothing, and the charcoal-burner thought to himself, 'How many would have

given their ears for my chance—yes, even those who want for nothing.' So, the tale goes, Miguel used his luck well, and robbed no one; no one was much poorer, nor was he richer by his gift. So he died. And as his angel bore him to that place we must all pass through before we see the Lord Christ and all the saints, and S. Teresa too, he begged him to stay at the bedside of the first poor, dying soul whom the Devil was sure of, for he feared in his heart that he had made no good use of S. Pedro's gift, though he had done no evil with it neither, yet it seemed to him that it was not given him to play with.

"And the angel flew to a certain house in a great city—and some say that it was Madrid itself—where an *escribano,* a lawyer, lay at his last gasp. Señor, we know these lawyers, you and I; no lack of wickedness there, plenty of it, we may be sure. And as your worship might expect, there sat the Devil himself beside the *escribano,* while on the other side knelt the lawyer's wife, and a poor priest to no purpose, for the *escribano's* soul was rotten with sin. 'By God in whom I live,' said the charcoal-burner, 'did not the Lord Christ die for all without excluding even *escribanos?*' But the lawyer was asleep, or so near dead that he heard nothing, and the Devil sat there waiting for his soul.

" 'Come, come, Señor Devil,' said the charcoal-burner, 'you cannot do your business while he sleeps: to pass the time I propose to you a game of cards.' And the Devil smiled, thinking perhaps of his luck in that game, for it was his own invention.

" 'And the stakes?' said he.

" 'I will give you something better than money,' said the charcoal-burner. 'See here, your worship,' says he, 'my soul against the soul of the *escribano,* which you are so sure of, which is not more than three parts yours already.'

"The Devil smiled again, for he thought he had made the bargain of his life.

"The charcoal-burner let him shuffle, cut, and shuffle

again, and sure it was the Devil himself who dealt, chuckling the while. But caramba! In less than an hour the Devil was beggared, and twitching his ears back, and lashing frightfully with his tail, he leapt out of the window and was gone.

"'But the lawyer in the meantime had awakened, confessed, received the ministrations of the Church, and as the Devil fled, his angel received his soul and flew with it up to the gate, with the angel of the charcoal-burner who made bold to knock there.

"'*Quien vive?*' said S. Pedro, peering over the battlements of jasper.

"'It is I of the mountain,' said the charcoal-burner.

"'Ah,' said S. Pedro, 'yes, yes, I know you, but what is that black thing you have with you?'

"'Señor,' said the charcoal-burner, 'it is a friend of mine; and, Señor, he is only black because, being a lawyer (and that he said very low), some of his ink has spattered him.'

"'No admittance here for *escribanos,*' said S. Pedro, 'why, we never heard of such a thing.'

"'But, Señor, it was not so I greeted you when you came to me on that night of snow, on the mountains with twelve others, of whom one was the Lord Christ. Then it was Be careful for nothing—and here is it not so too?'

"And so, as your worship has doubtless foreseen, S. Pedro could say no more. He turned his back and began to talk with great earnestness to the angel of Miguel, while the charcoal-burner took up the soul of the *escribano* and crept in under the shade of the orange trees which, as they say, are finer than any in *Andalucia.*"

The Cathedral is magnificent, without and within, though its Gothic is far from pure; its tower fits it like a glove.

Segovia: El Alcazar

But I have not yet touched the fantastic feature of Segovia. At its eastern end is the aqueduct. But at the western end is the Alcazar, a Gothic dream crowning a precipitous height. The Moors originally built it; Alfonso the Wise rebuilt it. Alfonso, you remember, was the King who uttered the famous saying that he could have suggested improvements in the universe had the Creator consulted him. And the old monkish chronicler adds that a terrific thunder storm followed that remark and sent Alfonso quaking to his knees.

But half a century later the palace was destroyed, so that most of it today is modern. It is of singular beauty, however, rising sheer above the valley and looking out westward with towers that are like the towers in some tale of fairy enchantment.

The whole city is molded like a ship, with the Alcazar at the bow, and a long jutting shelf of rock running out beyond it, while the swelling green of billowy hills with a spray of roofs here and there completes the illusion. Segovia sailing to the west, is anchored, cabled, held to the past

by that granite chain of aqueduct. She strains at the cable, but it holds. She has sails set, and the wind is up, but she cannot move.

Upon the prow of that ship I stood while the light of the setting sun came flooding over us, and I realized that Segovia and the whole of Spain and the whole of the earth is trailing after it the past with all its years. And I found myself repeating those musical lines of William Vaughan Moody's:

"The earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship."

CHAPTER VI.

Salamanca

The Oxford of Spain

DRIVING across the country from Avila to Salamanca straight westward into the setting sun is to realize afresh the haunting loveliness of Masefield's lines:

"I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills,
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain."

Now Salamanca has two Cathedrals—an old one consecrated in 1100 A.D., and a new one built in the sixteenth century; yet that is not the secret of Salamanca's charm. It has the most beautiful plaza of any city in Spain, but no one would travel westward almost to the frontier of Portugal to see a famous town square. Salamanca means but one romantic lure, the ancient famous uni-

versity which at one time rivaled Oxford and Paris and Pavia and Bologna as a seat of learning—a university to which Western Europe and America owe a wealth of Arabic culture which was preserved and handed on by the scholars who labored in its halls.

"The business of a university is discovery, dissemination of knowledge, training of men for service, and development of personalities." But first of all, discovery. That is the distinctive note of the intellectual life, and it is the primary note of a university. President Scott of Northwestern University once pointed out in a notable paper that practically all our modern methods of industrial and commercial life depend upon discoveries made in universities.

The foundations of physics and engineering depend upon the laws of motion discovered by Professor Newton of the University of Cambridge.

The modern engine derives from the discovery of Watt at the University of Glasgow.

The telephone and the dynamo depend

upon the work of Professor Faraday of the University of London.

Radio activity depends upon Mme. Curie at the University of Paris.

Professor Schwann of the University of Louvain established the cell theory of life which resulted in experimental medicine.

Professor Pasteur of Paris discovered serum inoculation.

Professor Lister of Glasgow introduced aseptic surgery.

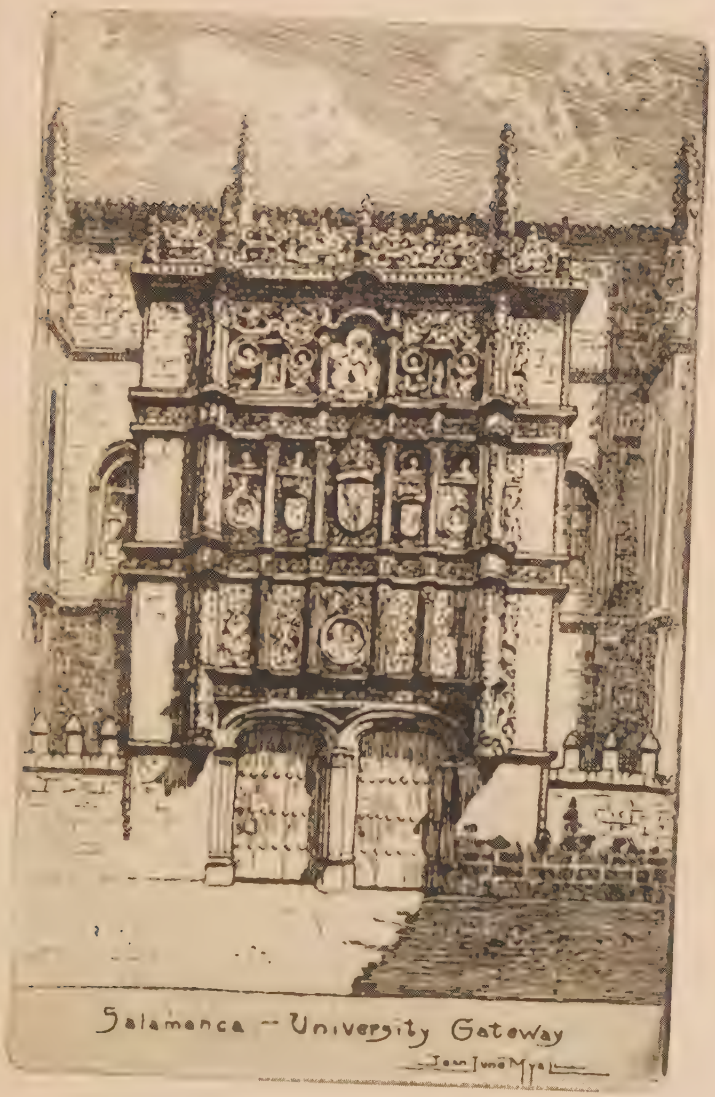
Dr. Banting of the University of Toronto discovered insulin.

And it is to the University of Salamanca that we of the Western world owe in great measure our discovery by Christopher Columbus.

Columbus had an Idea. He had heard strange tales of carved woods drifting ashore on a western island of Portugal: he had even seen some of them. Out there in the sea of darkness, down that curving hill of water, he would, please God, discover a new road to the Indies. King John of Portugal appointed a learned commission of three, and they flabbergasted the young

mariner with their elaborate arguments against his plan. Then his wife died, leaving him two things—a little son, Diego, and his great Idea. That is in 1445. He goes to Spain, to Seville, to Cadiz, to Cordova, and finally secures an audience with Isabella, who graciously tells him to wait. The campaign against the Moors is at its height. The Queen appoints a learned commission, and it turns its thumbs down on his proposal. His great Idea is regarded as scientifically impossible and perilously near to heresy. Then it is that he turns to Salamanca. He has a friend there, the prior of the Dominican Convent of San Estevan, one Diego de Deza, who is professor of Theology in the University.

Of all the men who knew Columbus, this man understood him best. He saw that Columbus was a monomaniac on the subject. He saw how his very enthusiasm would prejudice his judges. He saw that what he needed was a friendly conference with certain professors from the University. Such a conference he arranged. They put him right on scientific points, gave him the latest



Salamanca — University Gateway

books on cosmography and astronomy to read. In the halls of Salamanca the great Idea was ventilated and examined. He heard what friendly skeptics had to say: he saw the kind of arguments necessary to oppose the cozy popular scientific knowledge of the times; and it was here, too, that he made the acquaintance of the Marquesa de Moya, who was one of the oldest, closest friends of Queen Isabella.

Salamanca, then, founded in 1230 by King Alfonso IX of Leon, was in a very real sense the patron of Columbus. And we may add that here the Copernican system of astronomy was early accepted. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries were great centuries in the history of education. Students flocked from all over the world to hear men like Peter Lombard in Paris or Irnerius at Bologna. In those centuries there were said to be 30,000 students at one time at the University of Paris. Practically all these great universities were the outgrowth of Cathedral and Choir schools of the Church. At Salamanca in its palmy days there were 10,000 students, where now there are but a few

hundreds caught in the backwater of a stagnant national educational policy.

I had a letter to the rector of the Irish College, the Rev. Doctor Michael O'Doherty, and went at once upon my arrival down crooked streets and up alley ways to an ancient palace over whose door is written:

EL REAL COLEGIO DE NOBLES IRLANDESES
(THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF NOBLE IRISHMEN)

This was founded by decree of Philip III in 1592. Until 1767 the Jesuits were in charge. But now the rectors are selected from among the Irish secular clergy, presented by the Bishops of Ireland, and confirmed by the King of Spain. Well, we were disappointed. The halls were empty, the court deserted, the thirty noble Irishmen training for the priesthood had gone on their holiday to the north accompanied by their rector, Senor O'Doherty.

Come back along the streets with us to the Cathedral. It is very pretentious, very ornamental, architecturally a confusion, restless and rhetorical, unhappy under the

sun which lays bare its gesticulating crockets and shouting pinnacles and fantastic empty niches. To be sure it is interesting, for it has within it the conquering crucifix of the Cid Compeador—that all but mystical figure who is to Spain what Arthur is to England and what Roland is to France. When we get to Burgos we shall meet again this great freebooter who was a contemporary of William of Normandy and with whose epic story the romantic literature of Spain begins.

Out of the Cathedral south door and down the worn stone steps we pass into the old Cathedral. Ah! This is different. It is like passing from a formal garden into the loveliness of a little wood. This Cathedral is tiny, only 126 feet long. It was dedicated in the year 1100. But it is very strong, very sincere, very beautiful. The usual cloister built about a court leads from it, and we are browsing about in that cloister when we suddenly notice that we are surrounded by an increasing number of clergy somberly clad in soutanes. Are they tourists or is this a diocesan gathering? Suddenly there is a

rustle, and I turn my head. Here comes—yes—he is unmistakably—a Bishop. What a distinguished figure! A young man, say of thirty-eight or forty, rather short and very fat, with a face round and smooth and brown and charming, lit up by a gracious smile: he is in scarlet with a long train carried by attendants. He stops to shake hands with a layman and speaks in passing a decisive word or two. The ranks of the clergy break respectfully and he enters one of the larger chapels. Everyone follows, including myself. Hoping I shall not be challenged, I slip in and take the lowest seat in the place, close to the door, but like the man in the parable, I am sent up higher; for the verger informs me that I have his seat and I must take one in the front. I am a little frightened, for there behind a table on which is a crucifix and candle and bell the Bishop and his chaplains are seated. Just in front of me, on one side, a table is fixed, and upon it sit two figures in black, facing not the Bishop but the pulpit opposite, into which a priest has entered. The scene somehow suggests the Inquisition. I am on the

qui vive for irons and racks; my nostrils are a-quiver for the smell of burning flesh, and my ears stand up and out for the groans of the tortured victims. And it does turn out to be a veritable inquisition.

The priest in the pulpit begins to speak. The discourse is in Latin. Well, at least, that is easier to understand than Spanish. It is a disquisition on the Trinity. On he goes, *argumentum primum*—the pros and the cons, and what the fathers say, and what later theologians hold; *argumentum secundum, argumentum tertium;* and on and on. A magnificent orator, this good-looking young priest, with fine presence and perfect command of words and well knit argument, and plenty of fire and heat and gesture. It lasts an hour, and might have lasted all day but the Bishop, who was I am sure getting hungry, tinkled the little bell and the preacher sat down in the pulpit swabbing his face. Then up rose one of the black figures on the table in front of me, the *advocatus diaboli;* and proceeded to propound difficult questions in Latin to the priest in the pulpit. The pulpiteer gathered his

wits, rose, and with a *"Magister Major,"* answered as best he could. This went on for a quarter of an hour. Then the second *advocatus diaboli* had his chance. I was listening to typical medieval dialectic—hair-splitting if you will, but fascinating in its elaborate and delicate subtilties of thought, and reminiscent of that world of three or four hundred years ago when men knew less than they know now, but thought harder than they think now, and were not content till they had exhausted every side of the question which happened to be on hand. Afterward I learned that they were examining this man for a major canon of the Cathedral of Salamanca. He deserved the job.

All of which brings us to the Spanish Inquisition itself. Outside of the University of Salamanca there is a tiny plaza, and in it the statue of a man whose name I shall never forget, Fray Luis de Leon. His ashes are in the little Chapel of the Cloister of the University, and perhaps the most precious possession of the city is the manuscript copy of his poems. Born in 1529, he entered

the Augustinian order when he was but eighteen years old. In 1561 he became professor of Theology at Salamanca. It was the day of the New Learning, the time of the Reformation, the hour of intellectual revolt all over Europe. We have modernism today and we give it vent. Spain like most countries did not give the modernism of that day vent. The Church investigated every charge of heresy, and if one was found guilty he was turned over to the secular arm of the law, and the Holy Office of the Inquisition put him on the rack to torture him into a confession or a recantation, or else, if he proved stubborn, put him to death.

It is idle to speak of the cruelty of Spain and her Inquisition as if she were uniquely cruel. When we think of the Spanish Inquisition we must not forget our own Salem witch burnings. When we think of Torquemada we must not forget our own Cotton Mather. Valera remarks (and Havelock Ellis quotes him) that the town of Salem was responsible for more torture in the name of religion than can be put to the account of the Holy Office from California

to the Straits of Magellan. Nor do we forget that Henry C. Lea, greatest of all authorities on the subject, asserts that "the belief that the methods of torture used by the Spanish Inquisition were exceptionally cruel in their character or degree is due to sensational writers who have played on the credulity of the readers." Nevertheless from our point of view and from the point of view of the Roman Catholic Church today, the methods of the Inquisition were indefensible.

This Luis de Leon, then, whose brilliant intellect and flaming eloquence brought him into clash with the professors, suddenly found himself charged with heresy. He preferred the Hebrew text to the Latin Vulgate. Moreover, he had made a translation of the Song of Solomon, representing it as an amatory dialogue between the daughter of Pharaoh and Solomon. In 1571, therefore, he was charged with being a Judaizer, arrested, and thrown into prison. I cannot weary you with the details of that long trial. For four years he languished in prison—sick, lonely, forsaken. But even

there he spent his time studying his Pindar and Sophocles and working on his poems. At last, in spite of his enemies, he was acquitted, and returning, took up his lectures in words that have become very famous—"Señores, as we were saying the other day"—just as if nothing had happened.

How terrible it seems to us, this frightful intolerance of the past. In the Court of Honor at the World's Fair one of the inscriptions chosen by President Eliot was this:

"Toleration in Religion—the Best Fruit of the Last Four Centuries."

Well, so it is. Folk are no longer whipped through the streets of Boston for being Baptists or deprived of their ears for being Quakers. We have learned and put into practice in universities and Church alike the great advice of Milton:

"Let truth and falsehood grapple: who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

And so we salute Fray Luis de Leon as we stand there before his statue in the little court to the west of the University; he

seems to be saying to his accuser, his fellow professor at Salamanca, Leon de Castro:

> "You drew a circle that kept me out,
> Rebel, heretic, thing to flout,
> But mine was a love that was sure to win,
> I drew a circle that took you in."

CHAPTER VII.

Avila

The Home of Santa Teresa

WHEN I set out for Spain I bore with me in my bag but two books—*Don Quixote* and *A Life of Santa Teresa.* And in spite of the diversions of life on a boat I managed to reread them both before we landed at Gibraltar. Once more I came under the spell of Cervantes: once more I was captivated by Teresa, by her indomitable will, her shrewd wisdom, and her unfailing wit. I met her first, years ago, when I was a post-graduate student at the University studying the psychology of the mystics. A well-thumbed volume in my library dated in that year reminds me that she was firmly touching and coloring my religious experience when I was scarcely out of the teens.

Many of you who have never read Santa Teresa, her life, nor any of her writings, remember perhaps that remarkable novel of modern Parisian life by Huysman, *En Route*. In it Teresa takes a chief part in the conversion and sanctification of the prodigal whose return to his father's house is so powerfully depicted in that story. And I have never met a better summary of Santa Teresa than in Huysman's own words:

"That cool-headed business woman," he says, "that admirable psychologist of superhuman lucidity, that magnificent and overawing saint, she goes deeper than any like writer into the unexplored regions of the soul. She is the geographer and hydrographer of the sinful soul. She has drawn the map of its poles, marked its latitudes of contemplation and prayer, and laid out all the interior seas and lands of the human heart. Other saints have been among these heights and depths before her, but no one has left us so methodical and so scientific a survey!"

Now when was she born, this greatest of

the Spanish saints, and greatest perhaps of all the contemplatives, and what were some of her backgrounds?

Luther was born in 1483 and nailed his theses to the door in Wittenberg in 1517 (411 years ago):

St. Ignatius Loyola was born in 1491.

St. Francis Xavier was born in 1506.

And it may be read in Santa Teresa's Breviary to this day that "Teresa the sinner was born on the 29th of March, 1515, at five o'clock in the morning."

She died in 1582 (six years before the destruction of the Spanish Armada), and in 1622 was publicly canonized at Rome, along with those two great founders of the Jesuits, Loyola and Xavier.

She was born in Avila and to Avila we must go, for we must see the very gate through which she and her little brother ran away, as children will, setting out on a great adventure but turning home again by nightfall. She was seven, he was eleven; and without a word to anyone they set out to travel to the Moors, hoping in a child's way that they would become glorious mar-

tyrs, that the fierce heathen would behead them and send them straight to heaven.

And we must see the Convent in Avila to which she was sent by her pious father after her rather romantic mother died; where she rebelled against the worldliness of a convent not fully enclosed—the Monastery of the Incarnation it was called—a convent she later reformed; and where she became prioress and where she held such high and holy conversations with St. John of the Cross and St. Peter of Alcantara that those holy men were rapt in ecstasy.

And we shall find the house she lived in when she went home sick nigh unto death, and the Carmelite Convent of St. Joseph which she founded, the first of a whole rosary of houses she established through the length and breadth of Spain.

Avila, there is awe in the very word, the accent of an angel, the rustle of heavenly visitants, the "ahness" of the contemplative saint.

As we come to Avila from Salamanca, the road of a sudden goes wandering into a veritable diablerie of rocks, enormous,

fantastic, grotesque, which cover the earth for acres around. They crawl up upon each other and balance and poise and tumble down; they twist themselves into tortured semblances of writhing monsters suddenly smitten by a sight of Medusa's face; they lie pell mell like enormous meteors hurled from heaven in a battle of archangels when the world was in its dawn. The effect is gigantic, impressive, startling, troubling. And suddenly, only a mile away over that billow of the plain yonder, Avila rises, a medieval city on a hill, surrounded by grey granite walls, a lovely picture like the adornment of a missal: very quiet, very dignified, very simple, very composed, very holy. It is the city of the great saint!

Avila without Santa Teresa would be like Assisi without St. Francis. She *is* Avila. She is its soul. It was she, not those walls, that stemmed the Reformation in Spain. It was she, a frail little woman who called into fresh new life a decaying Catholicism. It was she, and not the Inquisition, which put a white flame—the flame of holiness—to heresy. It was she who had the vision of

one going in heavenly places with water in one hand and fire in the other. "And where are you going?" she cried! "To burn up heaven and to quench hell so that men will serve God not for love of the one nor for fear of the other, but for the fear and love of God!" Everywhere in that city you will find her; the churches are holier because she prayed there; the walls are sanctified because her shadow fell upon them; the gates are beautiful for her passing; the streets are blessed because her feet walked over them, following the will of God.

There is a nimbleness in the air, and a feeling of solitariness, a note of strong ascetic temperance which lays hold upon the tall grave men and women of Avila; perhaps that, too, comes of the mountains, for Avila is 4,000 feet above the sea; but surely it is in a way Teresian, for there is a certain strength in the sweetness of it all like the solid sanity of Teresa.

Avila is a fortress with ten gateways and has a complete city wall, begun in 1090 and finished nine years later. There are eighty-six towers in those walls, towers more than

Nave Sevilla Cathedral

forty feet high, while the walls themselves are fourteen feet in thickness. The old Cathedral is itself one of the great bastions of the city walls—very sturdy, very impressive, and once very dear to the little woman who was and is greater than any of its long line of bishops.

Now we were keen to visit one sacred place above all others—the Convent de l'Encarnacion where Santa Teresa had spent so many years in holy contemplation and prayer. There then we betook ourselves. Tourists are not many in Avila and we had a hard time getting anyone to introduce us to the Convent. And if we had any idea of entering it, that idea was quickly dispelled. Windows barred and doors bolted faced us as we stood out there beyond the walls in the soft afternoon sun. But presently we gained the attention of a young mother and child in a little house which opened on the court: to her we finally conveyed the dim ghost of our desire to be in the room where Teresa had talked with St. John of the Cross and St. Peter of Alcantara. When she stepped to a window

equipped with a revolving shutter, and rapped on the rough wooden shelf which went round in an opening in the wall, a soft voice replied and we knew a Carmelite sister was there. Did we want to enter? It was forbidden, of course. Did we want to see some of the relics? We did. So presently the voice withdrew and the kindly young woman produced a big key and led us up many steps and finally into a room—a wee bit of a room where once St. John and St. Peter sat, while through a deep grating in the recessed wall Santa Teresa talked with them of the love of God until, as the story goes, they were lifted up above the floor of the room. We saw the wooden pillow on which she slept, and even a bit of the poor coarse habit which clothed that energetic little body, and we whispered a thanksgiving to God for the high virtue declared in all His saints who have been the choice vessels of grace and the lights of the world in their several generations.

Santa Teresa's autobiography is ranked with Augustine's *Confessions* and the *Divina Comedia* and *Grace Abounding,* yet it

is not an autobiography at all, but, as she said herself, a story of *The Mercies of God.* Some day you must read it and also her *Book of the Foundations,* the story of her work in organizing the religious houses in Spain. Alexander Whyte, the great Scotch preacher of Edinburgh, was not given to sentimentalizing. He was a true Scot, sober and dour—but he read this book, he tells us—"read and laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks." And then there are her letters, all of them filled with shrewdness, archness, frankness, boldness, raillery, as full of sense as an egg is of meat, and all of them sealed with the name of Jesus.

Hers was the gift of prayer, of contemplation, of ecstatic union with God, and yet of solid practical good sense. She had what the French call *esprit.* She had intellect, and she had besides what only those who are real saints have—a union with God which flooded her life with peace and joy and power.

She died aged sixty-seven, a brave old lady riding up and down the land doing her work. They brought her into a convent and

she summoned her daughters about her. "My children," she said, "you must pardon me much. Do not imitate me. I have been the greatest sinner in the world. Keep the rules of your holy Houses as I have never kept them." And then, "O my Lord, the hour I have so longed for has come at last. The time has come that we shall surely see one another. Cast me not away from Thy presence. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart thou wilt not despise. A broken and a contrite heart," she kept repeating, and thus with the most penitential of all David's penitential psalms on her lips and with the holy candle of the Church in her hand, Teresa of Jesus went forth to meet her Bridegroom.

The sun is coming down across the hills and the gray city of Avila is going chill with shadows, but our hearts are warm with the thought of this holy woman and we seem to hear about us the rustle of heavenly citizens who know this city of old.

CHAPTER VIII.

Valladolid

The Tragedy of Columbus

VALLADOLID is an ugly looking name, but it doesn't sound as it looks. You remember the story of the American who, while visiting England, remarked one day to his host: "I met yesterday a delightful fellow countryman of yours named Cholmondely." "Pardon me—Chumley," said the Englishman. "Well," went on the American, "he has invited me to motor with him to Oxford and I am eager to go. I have always wanted to see Magdalen Tower." "Maudlin," corrected the Englishman. "Afterward," continued the American, "we are to have tea with Saint John Ervine." "I beg your pardon, Sinjin Ervine," said the Englishman. Later the American expressed

the hope that the Englishman might visit America. "Oh, I am most eager to do so," was the reply. "I have always wanted to see Niagara Falls." "Pardon me," retaliated the American. "Not *Niagara Falls,* my dear fellow; we call it *Nifls!*"

Now this city is not pronounced "Valládolid," nor "Valladólid," nor "Valladolíd." It is pronounced "Välyätholith." It is the capital of old Castile, and the best Spanish in the world is said to be spoken here. The city, however, is itself modern, commercial, and uninteresting. And yet it is full of historical interest. In its Plaza Major in 1217 the Queen of Castile gave the crown to her son St. Ferdinand, King of Leon, conqueror of Cordova and Seville. Close by Ferdinand and Isabella were married in 1469. In that little house yonder Philip II was born, and here in this open space in 1559 the first great *auto da fe* took place. Seats were five pesetas each, the roofs were crowded with sightseers, and fourteen wretched Protestants were destroyed. Later Philip sat here and watched thirteen burned alive. We are a little bored by all this, for

we have come to Valladolid for just two things: first to see the home of Cervantes where *Don Quixote* was written, second to see the house in which Columbus died.

The house of Cervantes is charming. One comes upon it unexpectedly set in the midst of a modern street, a little back from the walk and down in a lovely sunken court covered with vines. There it slumbers in shadow. Within, the rooms are cool and quaint and quiet, filled with the actual furniture of the great man; a caretaker or librarian proudly shows the visitors the valuable collection of rare editions in the little library. We are charmed; we should like to spend a week in this house. It is sweet with the memories of the most lovable of all the great men of literature. "Shakespeare's disposition was serene and his apprehension godlike, but we know little about him. Dante was a sort of archangel proud and stern; Molière had a touch of the heroic—but Cervantes was serene *and* heroic," —and gallant and human, and lovable. Every reader of *Don Quixote* has a personal devotion to him such as a first year fag at

Rugby might feel for Tom Brown after Tom had got to be head of the school.

Everybody knows the outline of his life. He goes to Rome from Valladolid as a boy, in the train of a great prelate; he enlists to fight against the Turks; he fights with Don John of Austria at Lepanto and loses an arm; he is captured by Barbary pirates and taken to Algiers, where he is a prisoner for five long years. Again and again he tries to escape, finally is ransomed, returns to Spain, and takes to a literary life. Charles Lamb was a clerk at India Docks: so was H. M. Tomlinson, as you may read in *Galleon's Reach:* and Burns was an exciseman. Well, Cervantes in 1587 is a commissioner of the Government, outfitting the Spanish Armada; later he is a tax collector. And a poor one he is, for twice he is arrested and sent to prison for neglect or malfeasance in office, and finally he is dismissed. A happy-go-lucky ne'er-do-well—a good natured Villon of a man—with a flair for adventure and a sense of drama and a vivid imagination and an endless fund of good humor—that is Cervantes.

Back he comes to Valladolid, and on he goes with his lyrics and sonnets and comedies and tragedies and what not. We know what he looked like, for in 1613, aged 65, he published a collection of short stories—*Novelas Ejemplares*—with a description of himself in the preface: "Aquiline features, chestnut hair, unruffled brow, Roman nose, silvered beard that twenty years syne was golden, large moustachios, little mouth, teeth not to boast of—for he has but six—bright complexion, shoulders s l i g h t l y rounded." All of a sudden, in 1605, fortune smiles on him. He is 57: he sits down and writes Part One of *Don Quixote*. It goes like hot cakes: his fortune is made—and what does he do? Loafs, plays cards—shuffle and cut and deal—or watches the poor pageant of life flowing along through the sunny streets. You cannot get him down to hard work. He delays; he promises; he plans; he procrastinates. And then, fortunately, some impudent fellow publishes a false Part Two. And at that Cervantes loses his temper, sits down and finishes the great book (in 1615). A year later he was dead

—on the very same day, by the way, that Shakespeare died. Two noble gentlemen and geniuses that day passed together to the Happy Isles.

The other fascination for us in Valladolid is the plain house in which Columbus died —No. 7 in the Calle de Colon. I see him there—not an old man—only fifty-six—but he has been white of beard and hair for twenty years and more, and his infirmities of body have been heavy upon him all through those terrible second, third, and fourth voyages to the New World. I see him lying, clothed in a Franciscan habit (20th of May, 1506),—the Great High Admiral of all Oceans, Seas, and New Lands—Viceroy and Governor General of all Islands and Continents to the West—Don Christobal Colon.

Thirteen years ago he was riding in great state through cheering crowds at Sevilla, with a whole country mad, as we have been mad over Lindbergh. Thirteen years ago he was coming, in great pomp and circumstance, on horseback, preceded by heralds and surrounded by courtiers, up the

crowded streets of Barcelona to that dais in the square where sat King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. They rose and received him and seated him there beside them with gentle patronizing friendship. And how the crowds yelled and shouted, until finally the King and Queen knelt down and lifted their hands to heaven in thanksgiving. And the choirs burst into a great *Te Deum.*

All that is but thirteen years ago. But what water has rolled under the bridge of his vessel since then—what treacheries, what misrepresentations, what diabolical attacks upon the man, what vast abysmal disappointments! In 1492, ere he set out, he had driven a hard bargain with the King and Queen,—

> 1/20 of all profits in perpetuity:
> 1/8 surplus profits forever for himself and heirs.

And now Isabella is dead and Ferdinand is crooked, and the bargain is not kept—and he is dying. We do not know his thoughts as the shadows grow deeper, as the noises from the poor sunny little street grow fainter, but I fancy that the sounds and

smells and sights of memory grew ever clearer;—the hot paving stones of Genoa where he played as a little weaver's boy, and the noises of the sea, the swish of waters and the creaking of cordage, and the sudden roar of breakers sounding to anxious watchers in the still night; and there were doubtless bright sunlit pictures of far away tropical shores of Española and the smells of cinnamon wood—yes and the glitter of gold, gold, gold, always a little farther south and west or up a river or deeper into an interior —yes and the sights of blood on green grass. And he is thinking of the Holy Sepulchre to which he planned a great crusade of 4,000 horse and 50,000 footmen all to be borne at his own expense. And he is thinking, thinking, dreaming as ever of the God who sent him once a three hilled vision of land in answer to prayer, and Jesus who had never yet failed him, and Santa Maria whose name was written on that slow flagship from whose deck he saw the first light of a new world. *Tenia gusto en cosas grandes,* the Spanish say of Columbus—"he had a taste for great things."

Valladolid: Monumento a Cristobal Colón.

His face undergoes a change: there is a stir in the room: someone signals the priest who brings forth the sacred Host and the holy oils and administers the Viaticum. And the wrinkled eyelids flutter open, the sea-worn voice frames feebly the responses—the dying eyes are fixed upon the crucifix. *"In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum."* Christopher Columbus is over the horizon and voyaging into a new world of the spirit.

Who cared? Apparently nobody. His life flickered out in complete obscurity. It is not even known where he was first buried. But today,

> "Seven cities claim great Homer dead
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

And today Valladolid has built a great monument to his memory—an immense statue, a very impressive one—an orb of marble bearing about it a great ribbon in bronze on which are the words *Non Plus Ultra:* at the base four heroic figures symbolize Learning, Vision, Adventure, and Home; at the top a boat of bronze is sailing away

into the sky and in it is Columbus peering, peering, out into the distance, while behind him Isabella the Queen holds high the cross of the faith which sent him forth.

How shall we analyze this man? He had great faults—that strong, freckle-faced, blue-eyed, fair-haired mariner. He was dictatorial and proud, and I think avaricious too—but he was a man! He was strong, determined, patient, courageous, and he had the one greatest gift a man can have—*faith*. Faith in God, faith in himself, faith in his enterprise.

When Peary set out for the Pole in 1898 —an early failure which paved the way to success—LeGalliene at a farewell banquet read a poem, *"A Godspeed to Peary."* In it he said—

"I hardly know
The vast and intricate significance
Of all that snow
To which you go;
I only understand
A brave man dares again.
This I think is best:
The courage of the quest,
The fearless eyes,
The dauntless soul
In them—the Pole."

As long as life lasts, men will admire Peary and Scott and Amundsen and Lindbergh, and Nobile, and Columbus, for the courage of their quest. And no man surely can ask a greater gift than the spirit of dauntlessness which made of the little Genoese weaver boy the great Admiral of Oceans and Governor of a New World.

CHAPTER IX.

Leon and Burgos

An Architectural Contrast

THE most famous authority on Gothic architecture in America, if not in the world today, is Ralph Adams Cram. He is a convinced Catholic Churchman, a scholar of ripe erudition, a vigorous thinker, a brilliant writer, and a genius as an artist. In his field I should say he had no peer. All his life he has been an enthusiast for French and English Gothic. A few years ago he went to Spain and spent a good part of a year there, living in Seville. He came away an extravagant enthusiast for Spanish architecture. We heard him lecture on the subject and listened that night to an avalanche of superlatives in praise of the cathedrals in Seville, Toledo, and Burgos. It whetted

our appetite to see for ourselves. We went and saw and came away convinced that he was mistaken—a bold judgment indeed to hold against the greatest of Gothic architects.

To me Spain has no genuine Gothic cathedral architecture of her own. All her great cathedrals are borrowed from France and then made feverish and excited with rhetorical flourishes. It is French architecture become garrulous, babbling, saying too much, and saying much, too, that isn't so. All the way through Spain that conviction grew upon me as I noted the hysterical gesticulations of the crocketing, the restlessness of the façades, the lumpy intrusiveness of the coros, the dark confusions of the reredoses, the over-ornamentation—in a word French Gothic away from home dressed up for Spanish consumption.

And then of a sudden we came to Leon. Burgos we had seen—at least etchings of it, hanging on many American drawing-room walls. Leon we had scarcely even heard about. No one had ever told us to go there, but a blessed providence directed us thither

and within its portals as we entered we saw the glory of God—heaven shining through the jewelled splendor of Saint John's Apocalypse, with ruby and topaz and emerald, sapphire, chalcedony, jasper, sardonyx. We were caught like the soul of Gerontius, and wrapped round in a

> "Keen sanctity
> Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
> And circles round the crucified."

We were like that soul,—

> "Consumed yet quickened by the glance of God."

The only cathedral I have ever seen which ranks with it is Chartres. The walls of Leon are windows, with here and there stone buttresses to support them. The stone is but a setting for the jewelled glory; the place is radiant as with the presence of shining angels of God. Back to that holy place we went again and again, and never could we give an account of the vision of loveliness which evades all efforts to analyze or copy. We could only recall Browning's old musician, Abt Vogler, and his expression of

this futility of rigid technical analysis to tell the story of the beautiful:—

"And I know not, save in this, such gift be allowed to a man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound—but a star."

Leon was humming with chords of color —it was a great starry oratorio of supernatural light.

How many people realize what a stained glass window really is or ought to be? It is not a hole in a wall: that is the first thing. It is a space of wall suddenly become translucent. It must be structural, integral, not an interruption but a veritable illuminated page of the book. Second—it is a sector of hard brittle glass held together by malleable lines of lead. And you cannot ignore these. A window maker is not painting on glass with a brush—he is working with colored glass and lead and light. And he is teaching lessons not by pretty little pictures, but by glorious symbols, by great ineffable suggestions of heavenly things. A little child who had seen some wonderful cathedral windows with their saints in glorious color de-

scribed a saint as "a person who lets the light come through." An excellent description of a saint in the flesh, and an excellent description of a saint in a window.

Leon belongs to the age of great cathedral building, and its windows, as I have said, rival and even in some respects surpass those at Chartres. They have that same vibrant blue, that same flame of red touched with golden glory, that same indescribable magic of combination which leaves one breathless with amazement at the artistry of the craftsmen of the middle ages.

Now go to Burgos. It is famous. Its Cathedral is thought by many to be the finest in Spain. We did not find it so. The façade is very lovely as to spires, but bereft of a worthy portal. From the south the delicate back of the roof is broken by the enormous decorated lantern; confusion of architectural design is everywhere. From the north and east the effect is very impressive, and from up on the hill above, the eye is less troubled by intrusive details. Interiorly the Cathedral is cold and disappointing. Practically the entire nave is blocked in with a

Ambulatory, Burgos Cathedral

bulky coro; the north transept has a beautiful winding staircase which in spite of its loveliness seems out of place and over-ambitious and pretentious. The whole place left us cold. It was elaborate, fussy—a place for tourists to "oh" and "ah" in, but empty of spiritual meaning or message.

And now for the contrast. It is this, and I take it out of my note book from impressions written on the spot:

Leon is the Virgin Mary, standing there, simple, sweet, with clear eyes and whole being flooded with heavenly light. It is an Ave Maria in stone and glass. It is alive with the music of many colors chanting the Magnificat—"My soul doth magnify the Lord."

Burgos is not a Virgin, but a great worldly courtesan among cathedrals. Burgos is one of the fine ladies of Caesar's court—Poppea, Octavia, Agrippina, loaded with jewels —very handsome, very proud, very cold—but of such are *not* the Kingdom of heaven.

We shall go back to Leon.

CHAPTER X.

Altamira

The Cave Men of Long Ago

IN VOLUME I of Mr. Wells' *Outline of History* you will find the picture of a reindeer. It is in black and white, and underneath is written, "Painting in four colors—Cave of *Altamira,* Spain." Up at the top of the page is the subject of the chapter—"The First *True Men.*" On page 414 of Henry Fairfield Osborn's great book, *Men of the Old Stone Age,* you will find the colored picture of a bison bearing the inscription "The Ceiling of Altamira." In Volume I of the *Outline of Science* are polychrome pictures of bison and galloping boars. Underneath are the words: "Roof of Altamira Cave."

In his recent and delightful volume, *The*

Road to Xanadu, Professor Lowes of Harvard traces the way of Coleridge's imagination and shows how everything he ever read went into the deep well of the mind, there to be churned up with all sorts of strange associates until the brew was ready for just the moment and occasion needed. "Churned" is not quite the right word, for each thing that went in, however fluxed with other thoughts, was available by itself for use. This mystery of the mind we all have noticed in ourselves. Apparently we really never wholly forget anything. All that we really see or hear is stored away; though some of us have a poor system of library filing and cannot readily call it up when wanted.

One day in Madrid I was idly looking over a little guide book. We had no definite plan of travel. We had not thought of going to Santander. To be sure the King has a home there, and the bathing in the Bay of Biscay is good, and there is not a little historical interest to the town, for Ferdinand III of Castile sailed from there in 1248 for his successful blockade of Seville which

drove 400,000 Moors out of that city; and many galleons set out from there for America in the days of Spain's colonial greatness; and Charles V landed there to accept the crown of a country whose language he did not even know, and Charles I sailed home from there in 1623. All this I learned from the guide-book, but it awakened only a tepid interest.

Then of a sudden a word leaped at me from the page—one word, "Altamira,"—that word I had seen in Wells and Osborn and the rest. The prehistoric caves of Altamira could be reached by a side excursion from Santander. That determined us. To Santander we would go. We would see for ourselves the very caves where paleolithic men lived and ate and slept and painted and performed their hieratic rites twenty-five thousand years ago.

Man has been on this earth a long time—a good many hundreds of thousands of years, perhaps even a million years. We know that from the Bible—the *Bible of the Earth,* in which the hand of God has written, in sand and gravel and clay and rock,

layer upon layer, with flint stone and pottery and ornaments and bones, the story of man's life. Man has not descended from any known kind of monkey or ape, but he has had a long independent life of his own, an ascent which has covered thousands of generations. Pithecanthropus, or Java man, lived about 450,000 years ago; Heidelberg man, 300,000 years ago; Piltdown man, 200,000 years ago; Neanderthal man, 50,000 years ago; Cro-Magnon, 25,000 years ago. These last two are not guesswork. Paleontologists know pretty well what sort of men they were and how they lived and what were the fauna and flora of their period, what were the weapons of the hunter and the nature of his food and the capacity of his brain and the character of his burial rites.

The Neanderthaler was low browed, small statured, ungainly, hideous of aspect, with retreating chin and broad nostrils and beetling eyebrows, but he was a *man,* not an ape. He hunted the woolly rhinoceros and the mammoth and the great wild boar along the half frozen rivers of Southern

France and Northern Spain, in the years when titanic glaciers reaching from the highlands of what is now called Canada, buried under ice what we call the State of New York, coming to their melting point near the western extremity of Long Island and the center of the state of New Jersey. These Neanderthalers had tender sentiments, revered their dead, and believed in the future existence of the hunter in some kind of happy hunting grounds.

They have no descendants. They were apparently wiped out completely, utterly exterminated by a new race of men from the East to whom is given the name (taken from a little town in France) of the Cro-Magnons. Why they were exterminated nobody knows. Some have guessed that the newcomers had bows and arrows while the Neanderthaler had only wooden weapons and stone-headed darts and spears. Most paleontologists attribute the victory to superior intelligence and physique. At any rate 25,000 to 30,000 years ago modern man appears in the Cro-Magnon. At no less than eighteen points the Aurignacian industry of the Cro-

Magnon immediately succeeds the Mousterian industry of the Neanderthaler.

The Cro-Magnon skeleton reveals a wonderful people. The men were tall—averaging well over 6 feet 1; their legs were long —with long shin bone, which suggests fleetness— and flat tibia, which suggests a squatting posture. Their faces were broad, with long narrow orbits. Their brains were large with a modern forehead and forebrain. It was a race capable of ideas, of reasoning, of imagination, and of remarkable artistic sense and ability.

In 1852 a grotto in Aurignac was discovered by a laborer, and in the grotto seventeen skeletons of both sexes and all ages were revealed. On a sloping terrace in front of the grotto was the hearth with a hundred flint implements and remains of typical reindeer fauna. In 1868 five skeletons were found in the little hamlet of Cro-Magnon, which has given its name to this type. Many such discoveries followed, for example at Grimaldi, Dordogne, etc. These grottoes which were used as places of burial reveal many treasures of ornament and show

clearly that the Cro-Magnons colored the bodies of their dead with the color of red, the color of blood, to prepare them for their renewal of life in another world. Most of these caves are found along the range of the Pyrenees in Southern France and Northern Spain.

Now then for Altamira. In the year 1868 a hunter by accident discovered the entrance to this cave; his dog happened to get trapped among rocks; several huge boulders had to be removed to release him—and there stood the entrance to the cave. Years went by. In 1875 a Spanish archeologist named Sautuola made the first exploration. He found the hall strewn with the debris of fallen rock. Quarrying had been going on just overhead and the roof of the cave is very thin. At the entrance cracks had formed and water was trickling through.

But Sautuola himself did not make the big discovery. It was his little daughter who did that. On one of his visits she accompanied her father, and with a lighted candle wandered into a deep recess far from the entrance of the cave. Suddenly he heard

her cry out—*"Toros!"* He ran. She pointed up to the ceiling, and there they were,—marvellous paintings of animals: bison, deer, boars, bulls—frescoes in brown and black exquisitely designed and even modelled by use of the natural rock bosses, and tinted delicately to bring out the details of eyes and horns and hoofs.

Sautuola realized at once the extreme antiquity of these paintings and published an account. Scoffers were plenty who thought the whole thing a hoax. Suddenly similar caves began to be found with similar paintings; one in 1895, another in 1897, two in 1901. Sixty-two painted caves are now recorded, but in none does the art of rock painting stand out in such vivid coloring as in Altamira. The fame of the cave grew. The Duke of Alba became interested. The site was purchased. A small museum was built, paths inside the cave were improved, and a deep circular way was cut about the hall of paintings. Electric lights were also installed and to support the ceiling a massive supporting wall was built.

On a Sunday afternoon we drove out the fifteen or twenty miles from Santander till we came to a winding road which went along up to the edge of hilly fields where men and women, boys and girls were busy with the haying; here we left our car and following sign boards made our leisurely way across the pleasant downs for a couple of miles, till we came to the little house where the museum is set up. There the guide took us in charge and we entered the low entrance. In a few moments we were in the famous hall or cavern with its circular path cut round in the floor, so that one can lie on his back on a low table-like rock and look up perhaps five feet or six to the paintings which cover the ceiling.

And there they are: a wild boar running, a headless bison, a bison standing, a bison stretching himself, a bison lying at rest with head turned backwards, the horns and eyes and ears and snout exquisitely outlined in light red, and thighs and legs lifelike in appearance: a wild horse with a finely shaped head, a fine figure of a hind—and many others. My imagination kindles. Was this

Polychrome paintings on the ceiling of the Altamira

Entrance to the cavern of Altamira.

Juan Junio Myall

art for art's sake? Did the tribe gather here with flaring torches to watch their gifted artists during the long winter days 25,000 years ago when snow, snow, snow, month in and month out, fell upon these lovely hills? Were these artists a recognized class distinct from the magicians and artisans of the tribe? Were these dark recesses held in awe as mysterious abodes? Did the priests of an immemorial cult use these men to decorate the walls with the symbols of the chase? *Quien sabe?*

At any rate Adam and Eve, our first ancestors, lived farther back by a few hundreds of thousands of years than our own pious fathers supposed. And the deeper we delve the greater is our astonishment to find that these ancients were something far more than mumbling naked savages. They had—these primitive cave-men—big ideas, great intelligence, and sorrows like ours, joys like ours, dreams of progress like ours, visions of the future like ours.

Some day, hundreds of thousands of years from now, future archeologists may be scraping ledges for some sign of our culture

and measuring thigh bones for evidence of our race. Perhaps we shall be the strange people of long ago who lived in hives called apartment buildings, and swarmed in dens called factories, and went out to war to slay each other like savages, and danced to the wild primitive music of tom-toms, and drank poison to gain an ecstasy of feeling, and yet had our paintings too. And perhaps in the long perspective they will get our race confused with the Cro-Magnon, and noting their superior height and cranial measurements may thrust us back among the Neanderthalers. It is a humbling thought.

Our Spanish summer is drawing to a close. Tomorrow we shall drive along the Spanish Riviera—from Santander to San Sebastian and then by way of Saint Jean de Luz cross over to Biarritz and France.

But tonight we are sitting in the quaint little posada of Gil Blas in charming Santillana del Mar, dreaming of the golden days of Spain's great glory, before "Cervantes smiled her chivalry away"; dreaming of the grandeur of the Catholic Kings and the

splendor of the conquistadores and the glory of the Spanish saints.

> The years are but a passing sigh,
> A garment fretted with a moth,
> Our dreams, a woven tapestry
> Of Roman, Saracen, and Goth
> And English knight and Spanish don,
> And—glory gone—and glory gone.

How is she fallen who was like a great cedar in Lebanon; how is she humbled in the dust whose throne once ruled the whole Western world and whose galleons filled the seven seas; her walls are crumbling, her palaces are in ruins, the gold of her fame is tarnished, and her glory is turned to ashes.

O quam cito transit gloria mundi!

And yet the romantic glory of Spain is imperishable, and the distinctive quality of the Spanish people abides. That quality has been well described as the romantic spirit, —"a mixture of the grandiose with the grotesquely bizarre, of the soaringly ideal with the crudely real, a spirit that was once the common possession of all Christendom whose vanishing echoes may still be caught —in Spain."

Will she find again a place in the sun? Will she take her place in this newer world which calls not for *conquistadores* but for *comuneros?* We believe she will. Spain, too, has her castles in Spain and one of them is the dream of a republic. Mañana is her favorite word, and tomorrow is full of promise.

"La esperanza es la ultima hez que apuramos en el fondo del cáliz de amargura." ("Hope is the last of the dregs that we drain from the bottom of the cup of sorrow")—Spain is quaffing hope today. She has suffered a long season of political and economic and cultural sterility; the winter is breaking up; and tomorrow comes,

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